



Bussy D'Ambois :

A
TRAGEDIE:

As
*it hath been often presented
at Paules.*



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Bussy D'Ambois:

A
T R A G E D I E.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Bussy solus.



Fortune, not Reason, rules the state of things,
Reward goes backwards, Honor on his head;
Who is not poore, is monstrous; only Need
Giues forme & worth to euery humane seed.
As Cedars beaten with incessant stormes,
So great men flourish; and doe imitate
Vnskilfull statuaries, who suppose
(In forging a Colossus) if they make him
Stroddle enough, stroote, and looke big, and gape,
Their worke is goodly: so our Tympanouse statists
(In their affected grauitie of voice,
Sowernesse of countenance, maners crueltie,
Authoritie, wealth, and all the spawne of Fortune)
Thinke they beare all the kingdomes worth before them;
Yet differ not from those Colossicke Statues,
Which with Heroique formes, without o'respread,
Within are nought but morter, flint and lead.
Man is a Torch borne in the winde; a Dreame
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great Seamen vsing all their powers
And skils in Neptunes deepe inuisible pathes,
In tall ships richly built and ribd with brasle,
To put a Girdle round about the world,

When they haue done it (comming neere their Hauē)
 Are glad to giue a warning peece, and call
 A poore staid fisher-man, that neuer past
 His Contries sight, to waite and guide them in :
 So when we wander furthest through the waues
 Of Glassie Glorie and the Gulfs of State,
 Topt with all Titles, spreading all our reaches,
 As if each priuate Arme would sphere the world ;
 Wee must to vertue for her guide resort,
 Or wee shall shipwracke in our safest Port.

*Procumbit.**Monsieur with two Pages.*

There is no second place in Numerous State
 That holds more than a Cypher : In a King
 All places are contain'd. His words and lookes
 Are like the flashes and the bolts of Ioue,
 His deedes inimitable, like the Sea
 That shuts still as it opes, and leaues no tracts,
 Nor prints of President for poore mens facts :
 There's but a Thred betwixt me and a Croune ;
 I would not wish it cut, vnlesse by nature ;
 Yet to prepare mee for that likely Fortune,
 Tis fit I get resolu'd spirits about mee.
 I followd D'Ambois to this greene Retreat ;
 A man of spirit beyond the reach of feare,
 Who (discontent with his neglected worth)
 Neglects the light, and loues obscure Abodes ;
 But he is yoong and haughtie, apt to take
 Fire at aduancement, to beare state and flourish ;
 In his Rise therefore shall my bounties shine :
 None lothes the world so much, nor loues to scoffe it,
 But gold and grace will make him surfet of it.
 What, D'Ambois ?

Buss. He sir.

Monf. Turn'd to Earth, aliue ?
 Vp man, the Sunne shines on thee.

Buss. Let it shine.

I am no mote to play in't, as great men are.

Monf.

Mons. Think st thou men great in state, mores in the sunne?
 They say so that would haue thee freeze in shades,
 That (like the grosse Sicilian Gurmundist)
 Emptie their Noses in the Cates they loue,
 That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
 Light to the Banquet Fortune sets before thee,
 And thou wilt loth leane Darkenesse like thy Death.
 Who would belceue thy Mettall could let sloth
 Rust and consume it? If Themistocles
 Had liued obscur'd thus in th'Athenian state,
 Xerxes had made both him and it his slaues.
 If braue Camillus had lurckt so in Rome,
 He had not fīue times beene dictator there,
 Nor foure times triumpht. If Epaminondas
 (Who liu'd twice twentie yeeres obscur'd in Thebs)
 Had liu'd so still, he had beene still vnnam'd,
 And paid his Countrie nor himselfe their right:
 But putting foorth his strength, he rescudē both
 From imminent ruine; and like Burnisht Steele,
 After long vse he shin'd; for as the light
 Not only serues to shew, but render vs
 Mutually profitable; so our liues
 In acts exemplarie, not only winne
 Our selues good Names, but doth to others giue
 Matter for vertuous Deedes, by which wee liue.

Busf. What would you wish me doe?

Mons. Leaueth troubled streames,
 And liue as Thriuers doe at the Well head.

Busf. At the Well head? Alas what should I doe
 With that enchanted Glasse? See diuels there?
 Or (like a strumpet) learne to set my looks
 In an eternall Brake, or practise iuggling,
 To keepe my face still fast, my hart still loose;
 Or beare (like Dames Schoolemistresses their Riddles)
 Two Tongues, and be good only for a shift;
 Flatter great Lords, to put them still in minde
 Why they were made Lords: or please portly Ladies
 With a good carriage, tell them idle Tales,

To make their Physicke worke ; spend a mans life
 In fights and visitations, that will make
 His eies as hollow as his Mistresse heart :
 To doe none good, but those that haue no neede ;
 To gaine being forward, though you breake for haste
 All the Commandements ere you breake your fast :
 But Beleue backwards, make your Period
 And Creedes last Article ; I beleue in God :
 And (hearing villanies preacht) t' vnfold their Art
 Learne to commit them, Tis a great mans Part.
 Shall I learne this there ?

Mons. No, thou needst not learne,
 Thou hast the Theorie, now goe there and practise.

Buss. I, in a thriddare suit ; when men come there,
 They must haue high Naps, and goe from thence bare :
 A man may drowne the parts of ten rich men
 In one poore suit ; Braue Barks, and outward Glosse
 Attract Court eies, be in parts ne're so grosse.

Mons. Thou shalt haue Glosse enough, and all things fit
 T'enchase in all shew, thy long smothered spirit :
 Berul'd by me then. The rude Scythians
 Painted blinde Fortunes powerfull hands with wings,
 To shew her gifts come swift and suddenly,
 Which if her Fauorite be not swift to take,
 He loses them foreuer. Then be rul'd :
 Stay but a while heere, and I'll send to thee.

Exit Mons.

Manet Buss.

Buss. What will he send ? some Crounes ? It is to sow them
 Vpon my spirit, and make them spring a Croune
 Worth Millions of the seede Crounes he will send :
 But hee's no husband heere ; A smooth plaine ground
 Will neuer nourish any politicke seede ;
 I am for honest Actions, not for great :
 If I may bring vp a new fashion,
 And rise in Court with vertue ; speede his plow :
 The King hath knowne me long as well as hee,
 Yet could my Fortune neuer fit the length
 Of both their vnderstandings till this houre.
 There is a deepe nicke in times restlesse wheele

For

For each mans good, when which nicke comes it strikes;
As Rhetoricke, yet workes not perswasion,
But only is a meane to make it worke:
So no man riseth by his reall merit,
But when it cries Clincke in his Raifers spirit:
Many will say, that cannot rise at all,
Mans first houres rise, is first steppe to his fall.
It's venture that; men that fall low must die,
As well as men cast headlong from the skie.

Ent. Maffe.

Humor of Princes. Is this man indu'd
With any merit worth a thousand Crounes?
Will my Lord haue me be so ill a Steward
Of his Reuenue, to dispose a summe
So great with so small cause as shewes in him?
I must examine this: Is your name D'Ambois?

Buss. Sir.

Maff. Is your name D'Ambois?

Buss. Who haue wee heere?

Serue you the Monsieur?

Maff. How?

Buss. Serue you the Monsieur?

Maff. Sir, y'are very hot. I serue the Monsieur;
But in such place as giues me the Command
Of all his other seruants: And because
His Graces pleasure is, to giue your good
A Passe through my Command; Methinks you might
Vse me with more good fashion.

Buss. Crie you mercie.

Now you haue opened my dull eies, I see you;
And would be glad to see the good you speake of:
What might I call your name?

Maff. Monsieur Maffe.

Buss. Monsieur Maffe? Then good Monsieur Maffe,
Pray let me know you better.

Maff. Pray doe so,
That you may vse me better, For your selfe,

By

By your no better outside, I would iudge you
To be a Poet; Haue you giuen my Lord
Some Pamphlet?

Buss. Pamphlet?

Maff. Pamphlet sir, I say.

Buss. Did his wise excellencie leaue the good
That is to passe your charge, to my poore vse,
To your discretion?

Maff. Though he did not sir,
I hope tis no bad office to aske reason,
How that his grace giues mee in charge, goes from me?

Buss. That's very perfect sir.

Maff. Why very good sir;
I pray then giue me leaue: If for no Pamphlet,
May I not know what other merit in you,
Makes his compunction willing to relieue you?

Buss. No merit in the world sir.

Maff. That is strange.

Y'are a poore souldier, are you?

Buss. That I am sir.

Maff. And haue Commanded?

Buss. I, and gone without sir.

Maff. I see the man: A hundred Crounes will make him
Swagger, and drinke healths to his highnes bountie;
And I weare he could not be more bountifull.
So ther's nine hundred Crounes, fast; heere tall souldier,
His grace hath sent you a whole hundred Crounes.

Buss. A hundred sir? naie doe his Highnes right;
I know his hand is larger, and perhaps
I may deserue more than my outside shewes:
I am a scholar, as I am a souldier,
And I can Poetise; and (being well encourag'd)
May sing his Fame for giuing; yours for deliuering
(Like a most faithfull Steward) what he giues.

Maff. What shall your subiect be?

Buss. I care not much,
If to his excellence I sing the praise
Of faire great Noses, And to your Deserts

The reuerend vertues of a faithfull Steward ;
What Qualities haue you sir (beside your chaine
And veluet Iacket) Can your worship dance ?

Maff. A merrie Fellow faith : It seemes my Lord
Will haue him for his Iester ; And belecue it,
Such men are now no fooles, Tis a Knights place :
If I (to saue my Lord some Crounes) should vrge him
T'abate his Bountie, I should not be heard ;
I would to heauen I were an errant Asle,
For then I should be sure to haue the Eares
Of these great men, where now their Iesters haue them ;
Tis good to please him, yet Ile take no notice
Of his preferment, but in policie
Will still be graue and serious, lest he thinke
I feare his wodden dagger : Heere sir Ambo,
A thousand Crounes I bring you from my Lord ;
Serue God, play the good husband, you may make
This a good standing liuing, Tis a Bountie,
His Highnes might perhaps haue bestow'd better.

D' Amb. Goe, y'are a Rascall ; hence, Away you Rogue.

Maff. What meane you sir ?

D' Amb. Hence ; prate no more ;
Or by thy villans blood thou prat'st thy last :
A Barbarous Groome, grudge at his masters Bountie :
But since I know he would as much abhorre
His hinde should argue what he giues his friend,
Take that Sir, for your aptnesse to dispute.

Exit.

Maff. These Crounes are sown in blood, blood be their fruit.

Exit.

*Henry, Guise, Montsurry, Elenor, Tamyra,
Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte,
Pyr, Annable.*

Henr. Dutchesse of Guise, your Grace is much enricht,
In the attendance of this English virgin,
That will initiate her Prime of youth,
(Dispos'd to Court conditions) vnder hand
Of your preferd instructions and Command,

B

Rather

Rather than anie in the English Court,
Whose Ladies are not matcht in Christendome,
For gracefull and confirm'd behauiours;
More than the Court, where they are bred is equall'd.

Guif. I like not their Court forme, it is too crestfalne,
In all obseruance; making Semi-gods
Of their great Nobles; and of their old Queene
An euer-yoong, and most immortall Goddesse.

Henr. Assure you Cosen Guise, so great a Courtier,
So full of maiestie and Roiall parts,
No Queene in Christendome may boast her selfe,
Her Court approoues it, Thats a Court indeede;
Not mixt with Rudenesse vs'd in common houses;
But, as Courts should be th'abstracts of their kingdomes,
In all the Beautie, State, and Worth they hold;
So is hers, ampie, and by her inform'd.
The world is not contracted in a man,
With more proportion and expression
Than in her Court, her Kingdome: Our French Court
Is a meere mirror of confusion to it:
The King and subiect, Lord and euerie slaue
Dance a continuall Haie; Our Roomes of State,
Kept like our stables; No place more obseru'd
Than a rude Market place: And though our Custome
Keepeth this assur'd deformitie from our sight,
Tis nere the lesse essentiallie vnfightlie,
Which they would soone see, would they change their forme:
To this of ours, and then compare them both;
Which we must not affect, because in Kingdomes,
Where the Kings change doth breede the Subiects terror,
Pure Innouation is more grosse than error.

Mont. No Question we shall see them imitate
(Though a farre off) the fashions of our Courts,
As they haue euer Ap't vs in attire;
Neuer were men so wearie of their Skins,
And apt to leape out of themselves as they;
Who when they trauell to bring forth rare men,
Come home deliuered of a fine French suit:

Their

Their Braines lie with their Tailors, and get babies
For their most compleat issue ; Hee's first borne
To all the morall vertues, that first greetes
The light with a new fashion, which becomes them
Like Apes, disfigur'd with the attires of men.

Henr. No Question they much wrong their reall worth,
In affectation of outlandish Scumme ;
But they haue faults, and wee ; They foolish-proud,
To be the Pictures of our vanitie ;
We proud, that they are proud of foolerie.

Enter Monsieur, D'Ambois.

Monsf. Come mine owne sweet heart I will enter thee.
Sir, I haue brought this Gentleman t'attend you ;
And pray, you would vouchsafe to doe him grace.

Henr. D'Ambois, I thinke.

D'Amb. Thats still my name, my Lord, though I be some-
thing altered in attire.

Henr. I like your alteration, and must tell you,
I haue expected th'offer of your seruice ;
For we (in feare to make milde vertue proud)
Vse not to seeke her out in any man.

D'Amb. Nor doth she vse to seeke out any man :
He that will winne, must wooe her ; shee's not shamelesse.

Monsf. I vrg'd her modestie in him, my Lord, and gaue her
those Rites, that he saies shee merits.

Henr. If you haue woo'd and won, then Brother weare him.

Monsf. Th'art mine, my loue ; See here's the Guises Duches.
The Countesse of Mountsurreaue ; Beaupres, come Ple enseame
thee ; Ladies, y'are too many to be in Counsell : I haue heere a
friend, that I would gladlie enter in your Graces.

Duch. If you enter him in our Graces, me thinks by his blunt
behauour, he should come out of himselfe.

Tam. Has he neuer beene Courtier, my Lord ?

Monsf. Neuer, my Ladie.

Beaup. And why did the Toy take him in th' head now ?

D'Amb. Tis leape yeere, Ladie, and therefore verie good to

enter a Courtier.

Tam. The man's a Courtier at first sight.

D'Amb. I can sing prickesong, Ladie, at first sight; and why not be a Courtier as suddenly?

Beaup. Heere's a Courtier rotten before he be ripe.

D'Amb. Thinke mee not impudent, Ladie, I am yet no Courtier, I desire to be one, and would gladly take entrance (Madam) vnder your Princely Colours.

Gui. Sir, know you me?

D'Amb. My Lord?

Gui. I know not you: Whom doe you serue?

D'Amb. Serue, my Lord?

Gui. Go to Companion; Your Courtship's too saucie.

D'Amb. Saucie? Companion? Tis the Guise, but yet those termes might haue beene spar'd of the Guiserd.

Companion? Hee's iealous by this light: are you blinde of that side Sir? Ile to her againe for that. Forth Madam, for the honour of Courtship.

Gui. Cease your Courtshippe, or by heauen Ile cut your throat.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? cut a whetstone; good Accius Noeuius, doe as much with your tongue as he did with a Razor; cut my throat?

Gui. Ile doe't by this hand.

D'Amb. That hand dares not doe't; y'au'e cut too many Throates already Guise; and Robb'd the Realme of Many thousand Soules, more precious than thine owne. Come Madam, talke on; Sfoote, can you not talke? Talke on I say, more Courtship, as you loue it.

Enter Barrislar, L'Anon, Pyrrot.

Bar. What new-come Gallant haue wee heere, that dares mate the Guise thus?

L'An. Sfoote tis D'Ambois; The Duke mistakes him (on my life) for some Knight of the new edition.

D'Amb. Cut my throat? I would the King fear'd thy cutting of his throat no more than I feare thy cutting of mine.

Gui. So Sir, so.

Pyr:

Pyr. Heere's some strange distemper.

Bar. Heere's a sudden transmigration with D'Ambois, out of the Knights ward, into the Duches bed.

L'An. See what a Metamorphosis a braue suit can worke.

Pyr. Slight step to the Guise and discover him.

Bar. By no meanes, let the new suit worke, wee'll see the issue.

Gui. Leaue your Courtship.

D'Amb. I will not. I say mistresse, and I will stand vnto it, that if a woman may haue three seruants, a man may haue threescore mistresses.

Gui. Sirha, Ile haue you whipt out of the Court for this insolence.

D'Amb. Whipt? Such another syllable out a th' presence, if thou dar'st for thy Dukedome.

Gui. Remember, Poultron.

Mons. Pray thee forbear.

Buss. Passion of death! Were not the King heere, he should strow the Chamber like a rush.

Mons. But leaue Courting his wife then.

Buss. I will not: Ile Court her in despite of him. Not Court her! Come Madam, talke on; Feare me nothing: Well maist thou driue thy master from the Court; but neuer D'Ambois.

Mons. His great heart will not downe, tis like the Sea
That partly by his owne internall heat,
Partly the starr's dailie and nightly motion,
Ardor and light, and partly of the place,
The diuers frames; And chiefly by the Moone,
Bristled with furies, neuer will be wonne,
(No, not when th' hearts of all those powers are burst)
To make retreat into his setled home,
Till he be croun'd with his owne quiet some.

Henr. You haue the mate. Another.

Gui. No more.

Exit Guise, after him the King, Mons. whispering.

Bar. Why heer's the Lion, skard with the throat of a dung-hill Cocke; a fellow that has newlie shak'd off his shackles;

Now does he crow for that victorie.

L'An. Tis one of the best Iigges that euer was acted.

Pyr. Whom does the Guise suppose him to be troe?

L'An. Out of doubt, some new denizond Lord; and thinks that suit come new out a th' Mercers bookes.

Bar. I haue heard of a fellow, that by a fixt imagination looking vpon a Bulbaiting, had a visibie paire of hornes grew out of his forehead: and I belecue this Gallant ouerioied with the conceit of Monsieurs cast suit, imagines himselfe to be the Monsieur.

L'An. And why not? as well as the Asse, stalking in the Lions case, beare himselfe like a Lion, roaring all the huger beasts out of the Forrest?

Pyr. Peace, he lookes this way.

Bar. Marrie let him looke sir, what will you say now if the Guise be gone to fetch a blanquet for him?

L'An. Faith I belecue it for his honour.

Pyr. But, if D'Ambois carrie it cleane?

Bar. True, when he curuets in the blanquet.

Pyr. I marie sir.

L'An. Sfoote, see how he stares on's.

Bar. Lord blesse vs, let's away.

Buss. Now sir, take your full view: how does the Obiect please ye?

Bar. If you aske my opinion sir, I thinke your suit fits as well as if't had beene made for you.

Buss. So sir, and was that the subiect of your ridiculous iolitic?

L'An. What's that to you sir?

Buss. Sir, I haue obseru'd all your fleerings; and resolute your selues yee shall giue a strickt account for't.

Enter Brisac Melynell.

Pyr. O strange credulitie! Doe you thinke your selfe Such a singular subiect for laughter, that none can fall into Our meriment but you?

Bar. This ieaiousie of yours sir, confesses some close defect in your selfe, that wee neuer dream'd of.

L'An

L'An. We held discourse of a perfum'd Ass, that being disguis'd with a Lions case, imagin'd himselfe a Lion : I hope that toucht not you.

Buff. So sir : Your descants doe marvellous well fit this ground, wee shall meete where your Buffonly laughters will cost ye the best blood in your bodies.

Bar. For lifes sake let's be gone ; hee'll kill's outright.

Buff. Goe at your pleasures, Ile be your Ghost to haunt you, and yee sleepe an't, hang mee.

L'An. Goe, goe sir, Court your mistresse.

Pyr. And be aduis'd : we shall haue odds against you.

Buff. Tush, valour stands not in number : Ile maintaine it, that one man may beat three boies.

Bris. Nay you shall haue no ods of him in number sir : hee's a gentleman as good as the proudest of you, and yee shall not wrong him.

Bar. Not sir.

Mely. Not sir : Though he be not so rich, hee's a better man than the best of you ; And I will not endure it.

L'An. Not you sir ?

Bris. No sir, nor I.

Buff. I should thanke you for this kindnesse, if I thought these perfum'd muske-Cats (being out of this priuiledge) durst but once mew at vs.

Bar. Does your confident spirit doubt that sir ? Come follow vs and trie.

L'An. Come sir, wee'll lead you a dance.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Henry. Guise, Beaumont, Nuncius.

Henr. **T**His desperate quarrell sprung out of their enuies
To D'Ambois sudden brauerie, and great spirit:

Gui. Neither is worth their enuie.

Henr. Lesse then either

Will

Will make the Gall of Enuie ouerflow;
 She feedes on outcast entrailles like a Kite:
 In which foule heape, if any ill lies hid,
 She sticks her beake into it, shakes it vp,
 And hurl's it all abroad, that all may view it.
 Corruption is her Nutriment; but touch her
 With any precious ointment, and you kill her:
 When she findes any filth in men, she feasts,
 And with her blacke throat bruits it through the world;
 (Being sound and healthfull) But if she but taste
 The slenderest pittance of commended vertue,
 She surfets of it, and is like a flie,
 That passles all the bodies soundest parts,
 And dwels vpon the fores; or if her squint eie
 Haue power to finde none there, she forges some:
 She makes that crooked euer which is strait;
 Call's valour giddinesse, Iustice Tyrannie:
 A wise man may shun her, she not her selfe;
 Whither soeuer she flies from her Harmes,
 She beares her Foe still claspt in her owne Armes:
 And therefore cousten Guise let vs auoid her.

Enter Nuncius.

What Atlas, or Olympus lifts his head
 So farre past Couert, that with aire enough
 My words may be inform'd? And from his height
 I may be seene, and heard through all the world?
 A tale so worthie, and so fraught with wonder,
 Sticks in my iawes, and labours with euent.

Henr. Com'st thou from D'Ambois?

Nun. From him, and the rest

His friends and enemies; whose sterne fight I saw,
 And heard their words before, and in the fray.

Henr. Relate at large what thou hast seene and heard.

Nun. I saw fierce D'Ambois, and his two braue friends
 Enter the Field, and at their heeles their foes;
 Which were the famous souldiers; Barrisor,
 L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deedes of Armes:

All which arriu'd at the eueneſt peece of earth
The field affoorded; The three Challengers
Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and ſtoode ranckt :
When face to face the three Defendants met them,
Alike prepar'd, and reſolute alike,
Like bonfires of Contributorie wood :
Euerie mans looke ſhew'd, Fed with eithers ſpirit,
As one had beene a mirror to another,
Like formes of life and death, each tooke from other ;
And ſo were life and death mixt at their heights,
That you could ſee no feare of death, for life ;
Nor loue of life, for death : But in their browes
Pyrrho's Opinion in great letters ſhone ;
That life and death in all reſpects are one.

Henr. Paſt there no ſort of words at their encounter ?

Nun. As Hector, twixt the Hoſts of Greece and Troy,
(When Paris and the Spartane King ſhould end
The nine yeeres warre) held vp his braſen launce
For ſignall, that both Hoſts ſhould ceaſe from Armes,
And heare him ſpeake : So Barrifor (aduiſ'd)
Aduanc'd his Naked Rapier twixt both ſides,
Ript vp the Quarrell, and compar'd ſix liues ;
Then laid in ballance with ſix idle words,
Offer'd remiſſion and contrition too ;
Or elſe that he and D'Ambois might conclude
The others dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the laſt ;
But Barrifors friends (being equally engag'd
In the maine Quarrell) neuer would expoſe
His life alone, to that they all deſeru'd.
And (for the other offer of remiſſion)
D'Ambois (that like a Lawrell put in fire,
Sparkl'd and ſpit) did much much more than ſcorne,
That his wrong ſhould incenſe him ſo like chaffe,
To goe ſo ſoone out ; and like lighted paper,
Approoue his ſpirit at once both fire and aſhes :
So drew they lots, and in them Fates appointed,
That Barrifor ſhould fight with fire D'Ambois ;
Pyrrho with Melynell ; with Briſac L'Anou :

And then like flame and Powder they commixt,
 So spritely, that I wisht they had beene spirits,
 That the ne're shutting wounds, they needes must open,
 Might as they open'd, shut, and neuer kill :
 But D'Ambois sword (that lightned as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed Comet at the face
 Of manly Barrisor ; and there it stucke :
 Thrice pluckt he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts,
 From him, that of himselfe was free as fire ;
 Who thrust still as he pluckt, yet (past beliefe !)
 He with his subtle cie, hand, bodie, scap't ;
 At last the deadly bitten point tuggd'd off,
 On fell his yet vndaunted Foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great D'Ambois shrunke, and gaue a little ground ;
 But sooner return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger :
 Then, as in Arden I haue seene an Oke
 Long shooke with tempests, and his loftie toppe
 Bent to his roote, which being at length made loose
 (Euen groaning with his weight) he gan to Nodde
 This way and that : as loth his curled Browes
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the skie with stormes)
 Should stoope : and yet, his radicall fiuers burst,
 Storme-like he fell, and hid the feare-cold Earth.
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stoode the shockes
 Often set Battles in your Highnesse warre,
 Gainst the sole souldier of the world, Nauarre.

Gui. O pitious and horrid murther !

Beau. Such a life

Me thinkes had mettall in it to suruiue.

An age of men.

Henr. Such, often soonest end.

Thy felt report cals on, wee long to know

On what euent the other haue arriu'd.

Nun. Sorrow and furie, like two opposite fumes,
 Met in the vpper Region of a Cloud,
 At the report made by this worthies fall,

Brake

Brake from the earth, and with them rose Reuenge,
Entring with fresh powers his two noble friends ;
And vnder that ods fell furcharg'd Brisac,
The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou ;
Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see
In my yoong trauels through Armenia,
An angrie Vnicorne in his full carier
Charge with too quicke an eie a Jeweller,
That watcht him for the Treasure of his browe ;
And ere he could get shelter of a tree,
Naile him with his rich Antler to the Earth :
So D'Ambois ranne vpon reueng'd L'Anou,
Who eying th'eager point borne in his face,
And giuing backe, fell backe, and in his fall
His foes vncurbed sword stopt in his heart :
By which time all the life strings of the tw' other
Were cut, and both fell as their spirits flew
Vpwards : and still hunt Honour at the view.
And now (of all the six) sole D'Ambois stood
Vntoucht, saue only with the others blood.

Henr. All slaine outright ?

Nun. All slaine outright but he,
Who kneeling in the warme life of his friends,
(All feebled with the blood, his Rapier raind)
He kist their pale cheekes, and bade both farewell ;
And see the brauest man the French earth beares.

Enter Monsieur, D'Amb. bare.

Buss. Now is the time, y'are Princely vow'd my friend,
Performe it Princely, and obtaine my pardon.

Monsf. Else Heauen, forgiue not me : Come on braue friend.
If euer Nature held herselfe her owne,
When the great Triall of a King and subiect
Met in one blood, both from one bellie springing :
Now prooue her vertue and her greatnesse One,
Or make the t'one the greater with the t'other,
(As true Kings should) and for your brothers loue,
(Which is a speciall species of true vertue)

Doe that you could not doe, not being a King.

Henr. Brother I know your suit; these wilfull murders
Are euer past our pardon.

Monf. Manly slaughter
Should neuer beare th account of wilfull murder;
It being a spice of iustice, where with life
Offending past law, equall life is laid
In equall ballance, to scourge that offence
By law of reputation, which to men
Exceedes all positue law, and what that leaues
To true mens valours (not prefixing rights
Of satisfaction, suited to their wrongs)
A free mans eminence may supplie and take.

Henr. This would make euerie man that thinks him wrongd,
Or is offended, or in wrong or right,
Lay on this violence, and all vaunt themselues,
Law-menders and suppliers though meere Butchers;
Should this fact (though of iustice) be forgiuen?

Monf. O no, my Lord; it would make Cowards feare
To touch the reputations of full men,
When only they are left to impe the law,
Iustice will soone distinguish murtherous mindes
From iust reuengers: Had my friend beene slaine,
(His enemie suruiuing) he should die,
Since he had added to a murther'd fame
(Which was in his intent) a murthered man;
And this had worthily beene wilfull murther:
But my friend only sau'd his fames deare life,
Which is aboue life, taking th' vnder value,
Which in the wrong it did, was forfeit to him;
And in this fact only preserues a man
In his vprightnesse; worthie to suruiue
Millions of such as murther men, aliue.

Henr. Well brother, rise, and raise your friend withall
From death to life: and D'Ambois, let your life
(Refin'd by passing through this merited death)
Be purg'd from more such foule pollution;
Nor on your scape, nor valour more presuming,

To

To be againe so violent.

Buss. My Lord,
I loth as much a deede of vniust death,
As law it selfe doth ; and to Tyrannise,
Because I haue a little spirit to dare,
And power to doe , as to be Tyranniz'd ;
This is a grace that (on my knees redoubled)
I craue to double this my short lifes gift ;
And shall your royall bountie Centuple,
That I may so make good what God and nature
Haue giuen mee for my good : since I am free,
(Offending no iust law) let no law make
By any wrong it does, my life her slaue :
When I am wrong'd and that law failes to right me,
Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)
And doe a iustice that exceeds the law :
If my wrong passe the power of single valour
To right and expiate ; then be you my King,
And doe a Right, exceeding Law and Nature :
Who to himselfe is law, no law doth neede,
Offends no King, and is a King indeede.

Henr. Enioy what thou intreat'st, we giue but ours.

Buss. What you haue giuen, my Lord, is euer yours.

Gui. Mort dieu, who would haue pardon'd such a murther :

Mons. Now vanish horrors into Court attractions,
For which let this balmie make thee fresh and faire.

Buss. How shall I quite your loue ?

Mons. Be true to the end :

I haue obtain'd a Kingdome with my friend.

Exit,

Montsur. Tamyra, Beaupre, Picro, Charlotte, Pyrba.

Mont. He will haue pardon sure.

Tam. Twere pittie else :

For though his great spirit something ouerflow,
All faults are still borne, that from greatnesse grow :
But such a sudden Courtier saw I neuer.

Beau. He was too sudden, which indeede was rudenesse.

Tam. True, for it argued his no due conceit

*Exit Rex
cum Beau
Exit.*

Both of the place, and greatnesse of the persons :
Nor of our sex : all which (we all being strangers
To his encounter) should haue made more maners
Deserue more welcome.

Mont. All this fault is found
Because he lou'd the Dutchesse and left you.

Tam. Ahlas, loue giue her ioy ; I am so farre
From Enuie of her honour, that I sweare,
Had he encounterd me with such proud sleight :
I would haue put that proiect face of his
To a more test, than did her Dutcheship.

Be. Why (by your leaue my Lord) Ile speake it heere,
(Although she be my ante) she scarce was modest,
When she perceiued the Duke her husband take
Those late exceptions to her seruants Courtship
To entertaine him.

Tam. I, and stand him still.
Letting her husband giue her seruant place :
Though he did manly, she should be a woman.

Enter Guise.

D'Ambois is pardond : wher's a king ? wherelaw ?
See how it ruines, much like a turbulent sea ;
Heere high, and glorious, as it did contend
To wash the heauens, and make the stars more pure :
And heere so low, it leaues the mud of hell
To euery common view : come count Montfurry
We must consult of this.

Tam. Stay not, sweet Lord.

Mont. Be pleased, Ile strait returne.

Exit cum Guise.

Tamy. Would that would please me.

Beau. Ile leaue you Madam to your passions.
I see, ther's change of weather in your lookes.

Exit cum suis.

Tamy. I cannot cloake it : but ; as when a fume,
Hot, drie and grosse : within the wombe of earth
Or in her superficies begot :
When extreame cold hath stroke it to her heart,
The more it is comprest, the more it rageth ;

Exceeds

Exceeds his prisons strength that should containe it,
And then it tosseth Temples in the aire ;
All barres made engines, to his insolent fury :
So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy
Riots within me : not my name and house
Nor my religion to this houre obseru'd
Can stand aboue it : I must vtter that
That will in parting breake more strings in me,
Than death when life parts : and that holy man
That, from my cradle, counfeld for my soule:
I now must make an agent for my blood.

Enter Monsieur.

Monsf. Yet, is my Mistresse gracious ?

Tamy. Yet vnanswered ?

Monsf. Pray thee regard thine owne good, if not mine,
And cheere my Loue for that ; you do not know
What you may be by me, nor what without me ;
I may haue power t' aduance and pull downe any.

Tamy. Thats not my study : one way I am sure
You shall not pull downe me : my husbands height
Is crowne to all my hopes : and his retiring
To any meane state, shalbe my aspiring :
Mine honour's in mine owne hands, spite of kings.

Monsf. Honour, whats that ? your second maidenhead :
And what is that ? a word : the word is gone
The thing remaines : the rose is pluckt, the stalke
Abides : an easie losse where no lack's found :
Beleeue it ther's as small lacke in the losse,
As there is paine ith losing : archers euer
Haue two strings to a bow : and shall great Cupid
(Archer of archers both in men and women)
Be worse prouided than a common archer ?
A husband and a friend all wise wiues haue.

Tamy. Wise wiues they are that on such strings depend,
With a firme husband, weighing a dissolute friend.

Monsf. Still you stand on your husband, so doe all
The common sex of you, when yare encounterd

With

With one ye cannot fancie : all men know
 You liue in court heere by your owne election,
 Frequenting all our solemne sports and triumphs,
 All the most youthfull companie of men :
 And wherefore doe you this ? To please your husband
 Tis grosse and fullsome : if your husbands pleasure
 Be all your Object, and you aime at Honour,
 In liuing close to him, get you from Court,
 You may haue him at home ; these common Puttofs
 For common women serue : my honor? husband?
 Dames maritorious, ne're were meritorious :
 Speake plaine and say I do not like you Sir,
 Yare an illfaulor'd fellow in my eie,
 And I am answer'd.

Tamy. Then I pray be answer'd :
 For in good faith my Lord I do not like you
 In that sort you like.

Monf. Then haue at you heere :
 Take (with a politique hand) this rope of Pearle;
 And though you be not amorous : yet be wise :
 Take me for wisdom; he that you can loue
 Is neere the further from you.

Tamy. Now it comes
 So ill prepar'd, that I may take a poison,
 Vnder a medicine as good cheape as it :
 I will not haue it were it worth the world.

Monf. Horror of death : could I but please your eie,
 You would giue me the like, ere you would loose me :
 Honor and husband?

Tamy. By this light my Lord
 Yare a vile fellow : and Ile tell the King
 Your occupation of dishonouring Ladies
 And of his Court : a Lady cannot liue
 As she was borne ; and with that sort of pleasure
 That fits her state : but she must be defam'd
 With an infamous Lords detraction :
 Who would endure the Court if these attempts,
 Of open and profest lust must be borne?

Whose

Whose there? come on Dame, you are at your booke
When men are at your mistresse; haue I taught you
Any such waiting womans qualitie?

Monf. Farewell good husband.

Exit Monf.

Mont. Farewell wicked Lord.

Enter Mont.

Mont. Was not the Monsieur heere?

Tam. Yes, to good purpose.

And your cause is as good to seeke him too
And haunt his company.

Mont. Why what's the matter?

Tam. Matter of death, were I some husbands wife:
I cannot liue at quiet in my chamber
For opportunities almost to rapes
Offerd me by him.

Mont. Pray thee beare with him:
Thou know'st he is a Bachelor, and a Courtier,
I, and a Prince: and their prerogatiues
Are, to their lawes, as to their pardons are
Their reseruatiens, after Parliaments
One quits another: forme giues al their essence:
That Prince doth high in vertues reckoning stand
That will entreat a vice, and not command:
So far beare with him: should another man
Trust to his priuiledge, he should trust to death:
Take comfort then (my comfort) nay triumph,
And crown thy selfe, thou part'st with victory:
My presence is so only deare to thee,
That other mens appeare worse than they be.
For this night yet, beare with my forced absence:
Thou know'st my businesse; and with how much weight,
My vow hath charged it.

Tam. True my Lord, and neuer
My fruitlesse loue shall let your serious profit,
Yet, sweet Lord, do no stay, you know my soule
Is so long time without me, and I dead
As you are absent.

D

Mont.

Mont. By this kisse, receiue
My soule for hostage, till I see my loue.

Tam. The morne shall let me see you :

Mont. With the sunne
Ile visit thy more comfortable beauties.

Tam. This is my comfort, that the sunne hath left
The whole worlds beauty ere my sunne leaues me.

Mont. Tis late night now indeed : farewell my light. *Exit.*

Tam. Farewell my light and life : But not in him.
Alas, that in the waue of our affections
We should supplie it with a full dissembling,
In which each yoongest maid is growne a mother,
Frailtie is fruitfull, one sinne gets another :
Our loues like sparkles are that brightest shine,
When they goe out : most vice shewes most diuine :
Goe maid, to bed, lend me your booke I pray :
Not like your selfe, for forme, Ile this night trouble
None of your seruices : Make sure the doores,
And call your other fellowes to their rest.

Per. I will, yet I will watch to know why you watch. *Exit.*

Tam. Now all the peacefull regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing windes, and murmuring fals of waters,
Sadnesse of heart, and ominous securenesse,
Enchantments, dead sleepes, all the friends of rest,
That euer wrought vpon the life of man,
Extend your vtmost strengths ; and this charm'd houre
Fix like the Center ; make the violent wheeles
Of Time and Fortune stand ; and Great Existens
(The Makers treasure) now not seeme to bee,
To all but my approaching friends and mee :
They come, alas they come, feare, feare and hope
Of one thing, at one instant fight in mee :
I loue what most I loath, and cannot liue
Vnlesse I compasse that that holds my death :
For loue is hatefull without loue againe,
And he I loue, will loth me, when he sees
I flie my sex, my vertue, my Renowne,

To runne so madly on a man vnknowne.
See, see the gulfe is opening, that will swallow
Me and my fame for euer ; I will in,
And cast my selfe off, as I ne're had beene. *Exit.*

Com. Come worthiest sonne, I am past measure glad,
That you (whose worth I haue approou'd so long)
Should be the Obiect of her fearefull loue ;
Since both your wit and spirit can adapt
Their full force to supplie her vtmost weakenesse :
You know her worths and vertues, for Report
Of all that know, is to a man a knowledge :
You know besides, that our affections storme,
Rais'd in our blood, no Reason can reforme.
Though she seeke then their satisfaction,
(Which she must needs, or rest vnsatisfied)
Your iudgement will esteeme her peace thus wrought,
Nothing lesse deare, than if your selfe had fought :
And (with another colour, which my Art
Shall teach you to lay on) your selfe must seeme
The only agent, and the first Orbe Moue,
In this our set, and cunning world of Loue.

Busf. Giue me the colour (my most honour'd Father)
And trust my cunning then to lay it on.

Com. Tis this, good sonne ; Lord Barrisor (whom you slew)
Did loue her dearly, and with all fit meanes
Hath vrg'd his acceptation, of all which
She keepes one letter written in his blood :
You must say thus then, That you heard from mee
How much her selfe was toucht in conscience
With a Report (which is in truth disperst)
That your maine quarrell grew about her loue,
Lord Barrisor, imagining your Courtship
Of the great Guises Duchesse in the Presence,
Was by you made to his elected mistresse :
And so made me your meane now to resolute her,
Chosing (by my direction) this nights depth,
For the more cleere auoiding of all note,
Of your presumed presence, and with this

(To cleere her hands of such a louers blood)
 She will so kindly thanke and entertaine you,
 (Me thinks I see how) I, and ten to one,
 Shew you the confirmation in his blood,
 Lest you should thinke report and she did faine,
 That you shall so haue circumstantiall meanes,
 To come to the direct, which must be vsed:
 For the direct is crooked; Loue comes flying;
 The height of loue is still wonne with denying.

D' Amb. Thankes honoured Father.

Commolet. She must neuer know
 That you know any thing of any loue
 Sustain'd on her part: For learne this of mee;
 In any thing a woman does alone,
 If she dissemble, she thinkes tis not done;
 If not dissemble, nor a little chide,
 Giue her her wish, she is not satisf'd;
 To haue a man thinke that she neuer seekes,
 Does her more good than to haue all she likes:
 This frailtie sticks in them beyond their sex;
 Which to reforme, reason is too perplex:
 Vrge reason to them, it will doe no good;
 Humour (that is the charriot of our foode
 In euerie bodie) must in them be fed,
 To carrie their affections by it bred.
 Stand close.

Enter Tamyra.

Tam. Alas, I feare my strangenesse will retire him:
 If he goe backe, I die; I must preuent it,
 And cheare his onset with my sight at least,
 And thats the most; though euerie step he takes
 Goes to my heart, Ile rather die than seeme
 Not to be strange to that I most esteeme.

Com. Madam.

Tamy. Ah.

Com. You will pardon me, I hope,
 That, so beyond your expectation,

(And

(And at a time for visitants so vnfit)
I (with my noble friend heere) visit you:
You know that my accesle at any time
Hath euer beene admitted; and that friend
That my care will presume to bring with mee,
Shall haue all circumstance of worth in him,
To merit as free welcome as my selfe.

Tamy. O father, but at this suspicious houre
You know how apt best men are to suspect vs,
In any cause, that makes suspicious shadow
No greater than the shadow of a haire:
And y'are to blame: what though my Lord and husband
Lieforth to night? and since I cannot sleepe
When he is absent, I sit vp to night,
Though all the doores are sure, & all our seruants
As sure bound with their sleepes; yet there is one
That sits aboue, whose eie no sleepe can binde:
He sees through doores, and darkenesse, and our thoughts;
And therefore as we should auoid with feare,
To thinke amisse our selues before his search;
So should we be as curious to shunne
All cause that other thinke not ill of vs.

D'Amb. Madam, tis farre from that: I only heard
By this my honour'd father, that your conscience
Was something troubled with a false report;
That Barrifors blood should something touch your hand,
Since he imagin'd I was courting you,
When I was bold to change words with the Duchesse,
(And therefore made his quarrell; which my presence
Presum'd on with my father at this season,
For the more care of your so curious honour)
Can well resolue your Conscience, is most false.

Tam. And is it therefore that you come good fir?
Then craue I now your pardon and my fathers,
And sweare your presence does me so much comfort,
That all I haue, it binde to your requitall:
Indeede fir, tis most true that a report
Is spread, alleaging that his loue to mee

Was reason of your quarrell, and because
 You shall not thinke I faine it for my glorie,
 That he importun'd me for his Court seruice,
 Ile shew you his owne hand, set downe in blood
 To that vaine purpose : Good Sir, then come in.
 Father I thanke you now a thousand fold.

Com. May it be worth it to you honour'd daughter.

Finis Actus secundi.

Actus Tertij Scena Prima.

Bucy, Tamyra.

Tam. **O** My deare seruant, in thy close embraces,
 I haue set open all the doores of danger
 To my encompast honor, and my life :
 Before I was secure against death and hell ;
 But now am subiect to the hartlesse feare :
 Of euery shadow, and of euery breath,
 And would change firmnesse with an aspen leafe :
 So confident a spotlesse conscience is ;
 So weake a guilty : O the dangerous siege
 Sin laies about vs ? and the tyranny
 He exercises when he hath expugn'd :
 Like to the horror of a winters thunder,
 Mixt with a gushing storme, that suffer nothing
 To stirre abroad on earth, but their own rages ;
 Is sin, when it hath gathered head aboue vs :
 No rooffe, no shelter can secure vs so,
 But he will drowne our cheeks in feare or woe.

Buc. Sin is a coward Madam, and insults
 But on our weaknesse, in his truest valour :
 And so our ignorance tames vs, that we let
 His shadowes fright vs : and like empty clouds
 In which our faulty apprehensions fordge
 The formes of Dragons, Lions, Elephants,
 When they hold no proportion : the flie charmes
 Of the witch policy makes him, like a monster

Kept onely to shew men for Goddesse money:
That false hagge often paints him : in her cloth
Ten times more monstrous than he is in troth :
In three of vs, the secret of our meeting,
Is onely guarded, and three friends as one
Haue euer beene esteem'd : as our three powers
That in our one soule, are, as one vnited :
Why should we feare then? for my truth I sweare
Sooner shall torture, be the Sire to pleasure,
And health be grieuous to men long time sicke,
Than the deare iewell of your fame in me,
Be made an outcast to your infamy;
Nor shall my value (sacred to your vertues)
Onely giue free course to it, from my selfe :
But make it flie out of the mouths of kings
In golden vapours, and with awfull wings .

Tam. It rests as all kings seales were set in thee. *Exit D' Amb.*

Ta. It is not I, but vrgent destiny, *Manet Tamy.*
That (as great states men for their generall end
In politique iustice, make poore men offend)
Enforceth my offence to make it iust :
What shall weake Dames doe, when t'whole worke of Nature
Hath a strong finger in each one of vs?
Needs must that sweep away the silly cobweb
Of our still-vndone labours ; that laies still
Our powers to it : as to the line, the stone,
Not to the stone, the line should be oppos'd;
We cannot keepe our constant course in vertue :
What is alike at all parts? euery day
Differs from other : euery houre and minute :
I, euery thought in our false clock of life,
Oft times inuerts the whole circumference :
We must be sometimes one, sometimes another :
Our bodies are but thicke clouds to our soules ;
Through which they cannot shine when they desire :
When all the starres, and euen the sunne himselfe,
Must stay the vapors times that he exhales
Before he can make good his beames to vs :

O how can we, that are but motes to him,
 VVandering at randon in his orderd rayes,
 Disperse our passions fumes, with our weake labors,
 That are more thick & black than all earths vapors?

Enter Mont.

Mon. Good day, my loue: what vp and ready too!

Tam. Both, (my deare Lord) not all this night made I
 My selfe vnready, or could sleepe a winke.

Mont. Ahlasse, what troubled my true loue? my peace,
 From being at peace within her better selfe?
 Or how could sleepe forbear to sease thy beauties
 VVhen he might challenge them as his iust prise?

Tam. I am in no powre earthly, but in yours;
 To what end should I goe to bed my Lord,
 That wholly mist the comfort of my bed?
 Or how should sleepe possesse my faculties,
 VVanting the proper closer of mine eies?

Mont. Then will I neuer more sleepe night from thee:
 All mine owne Businesse, all the Kings affaires
 Shall take the day to serue them: Euerie night
 Ile euer dedicate to thy delight.

Tam. Nay, good my Lord esteeme not my desires
 Such doters on their humours, that my iudgement
 Cannot subdue them to your worthier pleasure:
 A wiues pleas'd husband must her obiect be
 In all her acts, not her sooth'd fantasie.

Mont. Then come my loue, Now pay those Rites to sleepe
 Thy faire eies owe him: shall we now to bed?

Tam. O no my Lord, your holy Frier saies,
 All couplings in the day that touch the bed,
 Adulterous are, euen in the married;
 Whose graue and worthie doctrine, well I know,
 Your faith in him will liberally allow.

Mont. Hee's a most learned and Religious man;
 Come to the Presence then, and see great D'Ambois
 (Fortunes proud mushrome shot vp in a night)
 Stand like an Atlas vnderneath the King;

Which

Which greatnesse with him Monsieur now enuies
As bitterly and deadly as the Guise.

Tam. What, he that was but yesterday his maker?
His raiser and preseruer?

Mont. Euen the same.
Each naturall agent workes but to this end,
To render that it works on, like it selfe;
Which since the Monsieur in his act on D'Ambois,
Cannot to his ambitious end effect,
But that (quite opposite) the King hath power
(In his loue borne to D'Ambois) to conuert
The point of Monsieurs aime on his owne breast,
He turnes his outward loue to inward hate:
A Princes loue is like the lightnings fume,
Which no man can embrace, but must consume.

Exeunt.

*Henry, D'Ambois, Monsieur, Guise, Montf.
Elenor, Tam. Pero.*

Henr. Speake home my Bussy, thy impartiall wordes
Are like braue Faulcons that dare trusse a Fowle
Much greater than themselues; Flatterers are Kites
That checke at nothing; thou shalt be my Eagle,
And beare my thunder vnderneath thy wings:
Truths words like iewels hang in th' eares of Kings.

Buss. Would I might liue to see no Iewes hang there
In steede of iewels; sycophants I meane,
Who vse truth like the Diuell, his true Foe
Cast by the Angell to the pit of feares,
And bound in chaines; truth seldome decks Kings eares:
Slauie flatterie (like a Rippiers legs rowl'd vp
In bootes of haie-ropes) with Kings soothed guts
Swadled and strappl'd, now liues only free.
O tis a subtile knaue; how like the plague
Vnfelt, he strikes into the braine of truth,
And rageth in his entrailes when he can,
Worse than the poison of a red hair'd man.

Henr. Flie at him and his broode, I cast thee off,
And once more giue thee surname of mine Eagle.

E

Buss.

Bussy. Ile make you sport enough then, let me haue
 My lucerns too (or dogges inur'd to hunt
 Beasts of most rapine) but to put them vp,
 And if I trusse not, let me not be trusted :
 Shew me a great man (by the peoples voice,
 Which is the voice of God) that by his greatnesse
 Bumbasts his priuate rooves, with publique riches ;
 That affects royaltie, rising from a clapdish ;
 That rules so much more than his suffering King,
 That he makes kings of his subordinate slaues :
 Himselfe and them graduate like woodmongers
 (Piling a stacke of billets) from the earth,
 Raising each other into steeples heights ;
 Let him conuey this on the turning proppes
 Of Protean Law, and (his owne counsell keeping)
 Keepe all vpright ; let me but Hawlke at him,
 Ile play the Vulture, and so thumpe his liuer,
 That (like a huge unlading Argossea)
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Clergie man, that is in voice
 A Larke of Heauen; in heart a Mowle of earth ;
 That hath good liuing, and a wicked life ;
 A temperate looke, and a luxurious gut ;
 Turning the rents of his superfluous Cures
 Into your Pheasants and your Partriches ;
 Venting their Quintessence as men read Hebrew :
 Let me but hawlke at him, and, like the other,
 He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.
 Shew me a Lawyer that turnes sacred law
 (The equall rendrer of each man his owne,
 The scourge of Rapine and Extortion,
 The Sanctuarie and impregnable defence
 Of retir'd learning, and oppressed vertue)
 Into a Harpye, that eates all but's owne,
 Into the damned sins it punisheth ;
 Into the Synagogue of theeues and Atheists ;
 Blood into gold, and iustice into lust :
 Let me but hawlke at him, as at the tother,

He shall confesse all, and you then may hang him.

Gui. Where will you finde such game as you would hawlke

Buss. Ile hawlke about your house for one of them. (at ?

Gui. Come, y'are a glorious Ruffin, and runne proud
Of the Kings headlong graces ; hold your breath,
Or by that poison'd vapour not the King
Shall backe your murtherous valour against me.

Buss. I would the King would make his presence free
But for one charge betwixt vs : By the reuerence
Due to the sacred space twixt kings and subiects,
Heere would I make thee cast that popular purple,
In which thy proud soule sits and braues thy soueraigne.

Mons. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Buss. Let him peace first that made the first warre.

Mons. Hee's the better man.

Buss. And therefore may doe worst ?

Mons. He has more titles.

Buss. So Hydra had more heads.

Mons. Hee's greater knowne.

Buss. His greatnesse is the peoples, mine's mine owne.

Mons. Hee's noblie borne.

Buss. He is not, I am noble.

And noblesse in his blood hath no gradation,
But in his merit.

Gui. Th'art not nobly borne,
But bastard to the Cardinall of Ambois.

Buss. Thouliest proud Guiserd ; let me flie (my Lord.)

Henr. Not in my face ; (my Eagle) violence flies
The Sanctuaries of a Princes eies.

Buss. Still shall we chide ? and fume vpon this bit ?
Is the Guise only great in faction ?
Stands he not by himselfe ? Prooues he th' Opinion
That mens soules are without them ? Be a Duke,
And lead me to the field.

Guif. Come, follow me.

Henr. Stay them, stay D'Ambois ; Cosen Guise, I wonder
Your equall disposition brookes so ill
A man so good, that only would vphold

Man in his native noblesse, from whose fall
 All our dissensions rise; that in himselfe
 (Without the outward patches of our frailtie,
 Riches and honour) knowes he comprehends
 Worth with the greatest: Kings had neuer borne
 Such boundlesse eminence ouer other men,
 Had all maintain'd the spirit and state of D'Ambois;
 Nor had the full imparttiall hand of nature
 That all things gaue in her originall,
 Without these definite terms of Mine and Thine,
 Beene turn'd vniustly to the hand of Fortune:
 Had all preferu'd her in her prime, like D'Ambois;
 No enuie, no disunction had dissolu'd,
 Or pluck'd out one sticke of the golden fagot,
 In which the world of Saturne was compris'd;
 Had all beene held together with the nerues,
 The genius and th'ingenuous soule of D'Ambois.
 Let my hand therefore be the Hermean rodde
 To part and reconcile, and so conserue you,
 As my combin'd embracers and supporters.

Buss. Tis our Kings motion, and wee shall not seeme
 (To worst eies) womanish, though wee change thus soone
 Neuer so great grudge for his greater pleasure.

Gen. I seale to that, and so the manly freedome
 That you so much professe, heereafter prooue not
 A bold and glorious licence to deprauē:
 To mee his hand shall prooue the Hermean rodde
 His grace affects, in which submissiue signe
 On this his sacred right hand, I lay mine.

Buss. Tis well my Lord, and so your worthie greatnesse
 Engender not the greater insolence,
 Nor make you thinke it a Prerogatiue,
 To racke mens freedoms with the ruder wrongs;
 My hand (stucke full of lawrell, in true signe
 Tis wholly dedicate to righteous peace)
 In all submission kisseth th'other side.

Hen. Thanks to ye both: and kindly I inuite ye
 Both to a banquet where wee le sacrifice

Full cups to confirmation of yours loues;
At which (faire Ladies) I entreat your presence.

Mons. What had my bounty drunke when it rais'd him?

Gai. Y^e ane stucke vs vp a very proper flag
That takes more winde than we with all our sailes.

Mons. O so he spreads and flourishes.

Gai. He must downe,

Vpstarts should neuer perch too neere a crowne.

Mons. Tis true my Lord; and as this doting hand,
Euen out of earth, (like Iuno) strooke this giant,
So Ioues great ordinance shalbe heere implide
To strike him vnder th' Ætna of his pride:

To which worke lend your hands and let vs cast
Where we may set snares for his gadding greatnes:

I thinke it best, amongst our greatest women:

For there is no such trap to catch an vpstart

As a loose downfall; and indeed their fals

Are th' ends of all mens rising: if great men

And wife; make scapes to please aduantage

Tis with a woman: women that woorst may

Still hold mens candles: they direct and know

All things amisse in all men; and their women

All things amisse in them: through whose charmd mouthes

We may see all the close scapes of the Court:

When the most royall beast of chace (being old,

And cunning in his choice of layres and haunts)

Can neuer be discovered to the bow

The peece or hound: yet where his custome is

To beat his vault, and he ruts with his hinde,

The place is markt, and by his Venerie

He still is taken. Shall we then attempt

The chiefeest meane to that discovery heere,

And court our greatest Ladies greatest women,

With shews of loue, and liberall promises?

Tis but our breath. If something giuen in hand,

Sharpen their hopes of more; twilbe well venterd.

Gai. No doubt of that: and tis an excellent point
Of our deuif'd inuestigation.

Exeunt

Henry,

D' Amb.

Ely. Ta.

Monf. I haue already broke the ice, my Lord,
With the most trusted woman of your Countesse,
And hope I shall wade through to our discouery,

Mont. Take say of her my Lord, she comes most fitly
And we will to the other.

Enter Charlot, Anable, Pero.

Gui. Y'are engag'd.

An. Nay pray my Lord forbear.

Mont. What skittish, seruant?

An. No my Lord I am not so fit for your seruice:

Char. Pray pardon me now my Lord: my Lady expects me.

Gui. Ile satisfie her expectation, as far as an vnkle may.

Monf. Well said: a f'pirt of Courtship of all hands:
Now mine owne Pero: hast thou remembred mee
For the discouery I entreated thee to make concerning
Thy Mistresse? speak boldly, and be sure of all things I haue pro-
mised.

Pero. Building on that you haue sworne (my Lord) I may
speake: and much the rather, because my Lady hath not trusted
me with that I can tell you; for now I cannot be said to betray
her.

Monf. That's all one: so it bee not to one that will betray
thee: foorth I beseech thee.

Per. To tell you truth, my Lord, I haue made a strange dis-
couery.

Monf. Excellent Pero thou reuiu'st me: may I sincke quicke
into earth heere, if my tongue discouer it.

Per. Tis thus then: This last night my Lord lay foorth: and
I wondring my Ladies sitting vp, stole at midnight from my pal-
lat: and (hauing before made a hole both through the wall and
arras to her inmost chamber) I saw D'Ambois and she set close
at a banquet.

Monf. D'Ambois?

Per. Euen he my Lord.

Monf. Dost thou not dreame wench?

Per. No my Lord, he is the man.

Monf. The diuell he is, and thy Lady his dam: infinite re-
gions

gions betwixt a womans tongue and her heart : is this our Goddess of chastity ? I thought I could not be so sleighted : if shee had not her freight besides : and therefore plotted this with her woman : deare Pero I will aduance thee for euer : but tell mee now : Gods pretious it transformes me with admiration : sweet Pero , whom should she trust with his conueiance ? Or, all the doores being made sure , how could his conueiance bee performed ?

Per. Nay my Lord, that amazes me : I cannot by any study so much as guesse at it.

Monf. Well, lets fauour our apprehensions with forbearing that a little : for if my heart were not hoopt with adamant , the conceipt of this would haue burst it : but hearke thee.

Char. I sweare to your Grace , all that I can coniecture touching my Lady your Neece , is a strong affection she beares to the English Mylor.

Gui. All quod you? tis enough I assure you, but tell me.

Mont. I pray thee resolue me : the Duke will neuer imagine that I am busie about's wife : hath D'Ambois any priuy accesse to her ?

An. No my Lord, D'Ambois neglects her (as she takes it) and is therefore suspicious that either your Lady, or the Countesse Beaupre hath closely entertained him.

Mont. Ber lady a likely suspition, and very neere the life, if she marks it ; especially of my wife.

Monf. Come we'l put off all , with seeming onely to haue courted ; away drie palme : sh'as a liuer as hard as a bisket : a man may goe a whole voyage with her , and get nothing but tempests at her windpipe.

Gui. Heer's one : (I thinke) has swallowd a porcupine, she casts pricks from her tongue so.

Mont. And heer's a peacock seemes to haue deuourd one of the Alpes, she has so swelling a spirit , and is so cold of her kinnesse.

Char. We be no windfals my Lord ; ye must gather vs with the ladder of matrimony, or we'l hang till we be rotten.

Monf. Indeed that's the way to make ye right openarves. But ahlas ye haue no portions fit for such husbands as we wish you.

Per.

Per. Portions my Lord, yes and such portions as your principality cannot purchase.

Monf. What woman? what are those portions?

Per. Riddle my riddle my Lord.

Monf. I marry wench, I thinke thy portion is a right riddle, a man shall neuer finde it out: but lets heare it.

Per. You shall my Lord.

What's that, that being most rar's most cheape?

That if you sow, you neuer reape?

That when it growes most, most you in it?

And still you lose it when you win it:

That when tis commonest, tis dearest,

And when tis farthest off tis neerest?

Monf. Is this your portion?

Per. Euen this my Lord.

Monf. Belecue me I cannot riddle it.

Per. No my Lord, tis my chastity, which you shall neither riddle nor fiddle.

Monf. Your chastity? let me begin with the end of you; how is a womans chastitie neere a man, when tis furthest off?

Per. Why my Lord, when you cannot get it, it goes toth' heart on you; and that I thinke comes most neere you: and I am sure it shall bee farre enough off; and so I leaue you to my mercy.

Exit.

Monf. Farewell riddle.

Gui. Farewell Medlar.

Mont. Farewell winter plum.

Monf. Now my Lords, what fruit of our inquisition? feele you nothing budding yet? Speake good my Lord Mountsurry.

Mont. Nothing but this: D'Ambois is negligent in obseruing the Duchesse, and therefore she is suspicious that your Neece or my wife closely entertaines him.

Monf. Your wife, my Lord? Thinke you that possible?

Mont. Alas, I know she flies him like her last houre.

Monf. Her last houre? why that comes vpon her the more she flies it: Does D'Ambois so thinke you?

Mont. Thats not worth the answering: Tis horrible to think with what monsters womens imaginations engrosse them when

when they are once enamour'd, and what wonders they will worke for their satisfaction. They will make a sheepe valiant, a Lion fearefull.

Monf. And an Assc confident, my Lord, tis true, and more will come forth shortly, get you to the banquet. *Exit Guise*

O the vnfounde Sea of womens bloods, *cum Mont.*

That when tis calmest, is most dangerous ;
Not any wrinkle creaming in their faces,
When in their hearts are Scylla and Charibdis,
Which still are hid in monster-formed cloudes,
Where neuer day shines, nothing euer growes,
But weeds and poisons, that no states-man knowes ;
Not Cerberus euer saw the damned nookes
Hid with the vailes of womens vertuous lookes :
I will conceale all yet, and giue more time
To D'Ambois triall, now vpon my hooke ;
He awes my throat ; else like Sybillas Caue
It should breath oracles ; I feare him strangely,
And may resemble his aduanced valour
Vnto a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose furie he hath learn'd no limit.

Enter D'Ambois.

Monf. How now, what leap'st thou at ?

D'Amb. O royall obiect.

Monf. Thou dream'st awake : Obiect in th'emptie aire ?

D'Amb. Worthie the head of Titan, worth his chaire.

Monf. Pray thee what mean'st thou ?

D'Amb. See you not a Croune
Empale the forehead of the great King Monsieur ?

Monf. O fie vpon thee.

D'Amb. Sir, that is the Subiect
Of all these your retir'd and sole discourses.

Monf. Wilt thou not leaue that wrongfull supposition ?
This still hath made me doubt thou dost not loue me.
Wilt thou doe one thing for me then syncerelie ?

D'Amb. I, any thing, but killing of the King.

F

Monf.

Mons. Still in that discord, and ill taken note?

D' Amb. Come, doe not doubt me, and command mee all things.

Mons. I will not then, and now by all my loue
Shewne to thy vertues, and by all fruits else
Alreadie sprung from that affection,
I charge thee vtter (euen with all the freedome
Both of thy noble nature and thy friendship)
The full and plaine state of me in thy thoughts.

D' Amb. What, vtter plainly what I thinke of you?
Why this swims quite against the streame of greatnesse:
Great men would rather heare their flatteries,
And if they be not made fooles, are not wise.

Mons. I am no such great foole, and therefore charge thee
Euen from the roote of thy free heart, display mee.

D' Amb. Since you affect it in such serious termes,
If your selfe first will tell me what you thinke
As freely and as heartily of mee,
Ile be as open in my thoughts of you.

Mons. A bargaine of mine honour; and make this,
That prooue wee in our full dissection
Neuer so foule, liue still the sounder friends.

D' Amb. What else Sir? come begin, and speake me simply.

Mons. I will I sweare. I thinke thee then a man,
That dares as much as a wilde horse or Tyger;
As headstrong and as bloodie; and to feede
The rauinous wolfe of thy most Caniball valour,
(Rather than not employ it) thou would'st turne
Hackster to any whore, slaue to a Iew,
Or English vsurer, to force possessions,
And cut mens throates of morgaged estates;
Or thou would'st tire thee like a Tinkers wife,
And murther market folkes, quarrell with sheepe,
And runne as mad as Ajax; serue a Butcher,
Doe any thing but killing of the King:
That in thy valour th'art like other naturals,
That haue strange gifts in nature, but no soule
Diffus'd quite through, to make them of a peece,

But

But stoppe at humours, that are more absurd,
 Childish and villanous than that hackster, whore,
 Slaue, cut-throat, Tinkers bitch, compar'd before :
 And in those humours would'st enuie, betray,
 Slander, blaspheme, change each houre a religion ;
 Doe any thing, but killing of the King ;
 That in that valour (which is still my dunghill,
 To which I carrie all filth in thy house)
 Th'art more ridiculous and vaine-glorious
 Than any Mountibancke ; and impudent
 Than any painted bawde ; which, not to sooth
 And glorifie thee like a Iupiter Hammon,
 Thou eat'st thy heart in vinegar ; and thy gall
 Turns all thy blood to poison, which is cause
 Of that Tode-poole that stands in thy complexion ;
 And makes thee (with a cold and earthie moisture,
 Which is the damme of putrification,
 As plague to thy damn'd pride) rot as thou liu'st ;
 To study calumnies and treacheries ;
 To thy friends slaughters, like a Scrich-owle sing,
 And to all mischiefs, but to kill the King.

D' Amb. So : Haue you said ?

Monf. How thinkest thou ? Doe I flatter ?
 Speake I not like a trustie friend to thee ?

D' Amb. That euer any man was blest withall ;
 So heere's for mee. I thinke you are (at worst)
 No diuell, since y'are like to be no king ;
 Of which, with any friend of yours Ile lay
 This poore Stilladoe heere, gainst all the starres,
 I, and gainst all your treacheries, which are more ;
 That you did neuer good, but to doe ill ;
 But ill of all sorts, free and for it selfe :
 That (like a murthering peece, making lanes in armies
 The first man of a ranke, the whole ranke falling)
 If you haue once wrong'd one man, y'are so farre
 From making him amends, that all his race,
 Friends and associates fall into your chace :
 That y'are for periuries the verie prince

Of all intelligencers; and your voice
 Is like an Easterne winde, that where it flies,
 Knits nets of Catterpillars, with which you catch
 The prime of all the fruits the kingdome yeeldes.
 That your politicall head is the curst fount
 Of all the violence, rapine, crueltie,
 Tyrannie & Atheisme flowing through the realme.
 That y'ave a tongue so scandalous, twill cut
 A perfect Cry stall; and a breath that will
 Kill to that wall a spider; you will iest
 With God, and your soule to the diuell tender
 For lust; kisse horror, and with death engender.
 That your foule bodie is a Lernean fenne
 Of all the maladies breeding in all men.
 That you are vtterlie without a soule:
 And (for your life) the thred of that was spunne,
 When Clotho slept, and let her breathing rocke
 Fall in the durt; and Lachesis still drawes it,
 Dipping her twisting fingers in a boule
 Defil'd, and crou'd with vertues forced soules.
 And lastly (which I must for Gratitude
 Euer remember) That of all my height
 And dearest life, you are the onlie spring,
 Only in royall hope to kill the king.

Mons. Why now I see thou lou'st mee, come to the banquet.

Finis Actus tertij.

Actus Quarti Scena Prima.

*Henry, Monsieur, Guise, Montsurrey, Bussy, Elynor,
 Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Anable,
 Pyrha, with foure Pages.*

Henr. **I** Adies, ye haue not done our banquet right,
 Nor lookt vpon it with those cheerefull raies
 That lately turnd your breaths to flouds of gold;
 Your looks, me thinks, are not drawne out with thoughts,
 So cleere and free as heeretofore, but fare

As

As if the thicke complexions of men
Gouernd within them.

Buss. Tis not like my Lord
That men in women rule ; but contrary,
For as the Moone (of all things God created)
Not only is the most appropriate image
Or glasse to shew them how they wax and wane,
But in her light and motion, likewise beares
Imperiall influences that command
In all their powers, and make them wax & wane;
So women, that (of all things made of nothing)
Are the most perfect images of the Moone
(Or still-vnweand sweet Moon-calues with white faces)
Not only are paternes of change to men :
But as the tender Moon-shine of their beauties
Cleeres, or is cloudy, make men glad or sad.

Monf. But heere the Moones are chang'd (as the King notes)
And either men rule in them, or some power
Beyond their voluntary motions :
For nothing can recouer their lost faces.

Buss. None can be alwaies one: our griefes and ioies
Hold seuerall scepters in vs, and haue times
For their predominance : which grieve now, in them
Doth claime, as proper to his diademe :
And grief's a naturall sicknesse of the bloud,
That time to part, asks as his comming had ;
Onely sleight fooles grieu'd, suddenly are glad ;
A man may say t'a dead man, be reuiu'd,
As well as to one sorrowfull, be not grieu'd.
And therefore (Princely mistresse) in all warres
Against these base foes that insult on weaknesse,
And still fight hous'd, behinde the shield of Nature,
Of tyrannous law, treachery, or beastly need,
Your seruant cannot helpe ; authority heere
Goes with corruption ; something like some States,
That back woorst men : valure to them must creepe
That (to themselves left) would feare him asleepe.

Ely. Ye all take that for granted , that doth rest

Yet to be prou'd; we all are as we were
As merry, and as free in thought as euer.

Gui. And why then can ye not disclose your thoughts?

Tamy. Me thinks the man hath answerd for vs well.

Monsf. The man? why Madam d'ce not know his name?

Tamy. Man is a name of honour for a King:
Additions take away from each chiefe thing:
The Schoole of Modesty, not to learne, learns Dames:
They sit in high formes there, that know mens names.

Monsf. Harke sweet heart, hee's a bound set to your valure:
It cannot enter heere; no, not to notice
Of what your name is; your great Eagles beake
(Should you flie at her) had as good encounter
An Albion cliffe, as her more craggy liuer.

Buc. Ile not attempt her Sir; her sight and name
(By which I only know her) doth deter me.

Henr. So do they all men else.

Monsf. You would say so
If you knew all.

Tamy. Knew all my Lord? what meane you?

Monsf. All that I know Madam.

Tamy. That you know? speake it.

Monsf. No tis enough I feele it.

Henr. But me thinkes
Her Courtship is more pure than heeretofore:
True Courtiers should be modest, but not nice:
Bold, but not impudent: pleasure loue, not vice.

Monsf. Sweet heart: come hither, what if one should make
Horns at Mountsurry? would it strike him iealous
Through all the proofes of his chaste Ladies vertues?

Buc. No I thinke not.

Monsf. Not if I nam'd the man
With whom I would make him suspicious
His wife hath armd his forehead?

Buc. So, you might
Haue your great nose made lesse indeed: and slit:
Your eies thrust out.

Monsf. Peace, peace, I pray thee peace.

Who

Who dares doe that? the brother of his King?

Buc. Were your King brother in you: all your powers
(Stretcht in the armes of great men and their bawds)
Set close downe by you; all your stormie lawes
Spouted with Lawyers mouths; and gushing bloud,
Like to so many Torrents: all your glories:
(Making you terrible, like enchanted flames
Fed with bare cockescombes: and with crooked hammers)
All your prerogatiues, your shames and tortures:
All daring heauen, and opening hell about you:
Were I the man, ye wrong'd so and prouok'd:
(Though ne're so much beneath you) like a box tree
I would (out of the toughnesse of my root)
Ramme hardnesse, in my lownesse, and like death
Mounted on earthquakes, I would trot through all
Honors and horrors: through fowle and faire,
And from your whole strength tolle you into aire.

Mons. Goe, th'art a diuell; such another spirit
Could not be stild, from all Th'Armenian dragons.
O my Loues glory: heire to all I haue:
That's all I can say, and that all I sweare.
If thou outliueme, as I know thou must,
Or else hath nature no proportiond end
To her great labors: she hath breath'd a spirit
Into thy entrailes, of effect to swell
Into another great Augustus Cæsar:
Organes, and faculties fitted to her greatnesse:
And should that perish like a common spirit,
Nature's a Courtier and regards no merit.

Henr. Heer's nought but whispering with vs: like a calme
Before a tempest, when the silent aire
Laies her soft eare close to the earth to hearken
For that she feares is comming to afflict her;
Some fate doth ioine our eares to heare it comming.
Come, my braue eagle, let's to Couert flie:
I see Almighty Æther in the smoake
Of all his clouds descending: and the skie
Hid in the dimme ostents of Tragedy. *Exit Hen. with D'Amb.*

Guis.

Guis. Now stirre the humour, and begin the brawle.

Mont. The King and D'Ambois now are growen all one.

Monf. Nay, they are two my Lord.

Mont. How's that?

Monf. No more.

Mont. I must haue more my Lord.

Monf. What more than two?

Mont. How monstrous is this?

Monf. Why?

Mont. You make me Horns.

Monf. Not I, it is a worke, without my power,
Married mens ensignes are not made with fingers :
Of diuine Fabrique they are, Not mens hands ;
Your wife, you know, is a Meere Cynthia,
And she must fashion hornes out of her Nature.

Mont. But doth she? dare you charge her? speak false Prince.

Monf. I must not speake my Lord : but if yow'le vse
The learning of a noble man, and read
Heer's something to those points : soft you must pawne
Your honour hauing read it to returne it.

Mont. Not I, I pawne mine Honour, for a paper?

Monf. You must not buie it vnder. *Ent. Tamy. Pero.*

Mont. Keepe it then!

And keepe fire in your bosome.

Tam. What saies he?

Mont. You must make good the rest.

Tam. How fares my Lord?

Takes my Loue any thing to heart he saies?

Mont. Come y'are a.

Tam. What my Lord?

Mont. The plague of Herod
Feast in his rotten entrailles.

Tam. Will you wreake
Your angers iust cause giuen by him, on mee?

Mont. By him?

Tamy. By him my Lord, I haue admir'd
You could all this time be at concord with him,
That still hath plaid such discords on your honour.

Mont.

Mont. Perhaps tis with some proud string of my wiues.

Tam. How's that, my Lord?

Mont. Your tongue will still admire,
Till my head be the miracle of the world.

Tam. O woe is mee.

Pero. What does your Lordship meane?
Madam, be comforted ; my Lord but tries you.
Madam? Helpe good my Lord, are you not mou'd?
Doe your set lookes print in your words, your thoughts?
Sweete Lord, cleere vp those eies, for shame of Noblesse :
Mercilesse creature ; but it is enough,
You haue shot home, your words are in her heart ;
She has not liu'd to beare a triall now.

Mont. Looke vp my loue, and by this kisse receiue
My soule amongst thy spirits for supplie
To thine, chac'd with my furie.

Tam. O my Lord,
I haue too long liu'd to heare this from you.

Mont. Twas from my troubled blood, and not from mee :
I know not how I fare ; a sudden night
Floues through my entrailes, and a headlong Chaos
Murmurs within mee, which I must digest ;
And not drowne her in my confusions,
That was my liues ioy, being best inform'd :
Sweet, you must needes forgiue me, that my loue
(Like to a fire disdaining his suppression)
Rag'd being discourag'd ; my whole heart is wounded
When any least thought in you is but touch't,
And shall be till I know your former merits :
Your name and memorie altogether craue
In loth'd obliuion their eternall graue ;
And then you must heare from me, ther's no meane
In any passion I shall feele for you :
Loue is a rasor cleansing being well vs'd,
But fetcheth blood still being the least abus'd :
To tell you briefly all ; The man that left mee
When you appear'd, did turne me worfethan woman,
And stab'd me to the heart thus, with his hand.

Tamy. Oh happie woman! Comes my staine from him?
 It is my beautie, and that innocence prooues,
 That slew Chymæra, rescu'd Peleus
 From all the sauage beasts in Peleon;
 And rais'd the chaste Athenian prince from Hell:
 All suffering with me; they for womens lusts,
 I for a mans; that the Egean stable
 Of his foule sinne would emptie in my lappe:
 How his guilt shunn'd me? sacred innocence
 That where thou fear'st, art dreadful; and his face
 Turn'd in flight from thee, that had thee in chace:
 Come, bring me to him: I will tell the serpent
 Euen to his teeth (whence, in mine honors soile,
 A pitcht field starts vp twixt my Lord and mee)
 That his throat lies, and he shall curse his fingers,
 For being so gouern'd by his filthie foule.

Mont. I know not, if himselfe will vaunt t'haue beene
 The princely author of the flauish sinne,
 Or any other; he would haue resolu'd mee,
 Had you not come; not by his word, but writing,
 Would I haue sworne to giue it him againe,
 And pawn'd mine honour to him for a paper.

Tam. See how he flies me still: Tis a foule heart
 That feares his owne hand: Good my Lord make haste
 To see the dangerous paper: Be not nice
 For any trifle, ieweld with your honour,
 To pawne your honor; and with it conferre
 My neerest woman heere, in all she knowes;
 Who (if the sunne or Cerberus could haue seene
 Anie staine in mee) might as much as they:
 And Pero, heere I charge thee by my loue,
 And all proofes of it, (which I might call bounties)
 By all that thou hast seene sceme good in mee,
 And all the ill which thou shouldst spit from thee,
 By pity of the wound, my Lord hath giuen mee,
 Not as thy Mistresse now, but a poore woman
 (To death giuen ouer:) rid me of my paines,
 Powre on thy powder: cleere thy breast of me:

My

My Lord is only heere : heere speake thy worst,
Thy best will doe me mischiefe ; If thou spar'st mee,
Neuer shine good thought on thy memorie :
Resolue my Lord, and leaue me desperate.

Pero. My Lord ? My Lord hath plaid a prodigals part,
To breake his Stocke for nothing ; and an insolent,
To cut a Gordian when he could not loose it :
What violence is this, to put true fire
To a false traine ? To blow vp long crown'd peace
With sudden outrage ? and beleue a man
Sworne to the shame of women, gainst a woman,
Borne to their honours : Ile attend your Lordship.

Tam. No, I will write (for I shall neuer more
Speake with the fugitiue) where I will defie him,
Were he ten times the brother of my king.

Exeunt.

*Musicke : and she enters with her maid,
bearing a letter.*

Tam. Away, deliuer it : O may my lines
(Fild with the poison of a womans hate
When he shall open them) shrinke vp his eies
With torturous darkenesse, such as stands in hell,
Stucke full of inward horrors, neuer lighted ;
With which are all things to be fear'd, affrighted ;
Father ?

Ascendit Bussy with Comolet.

D' Amb. How is it with my honour'd mistresse ?

Tam. O seruant helpe, and saue me from the gripes
Of shame and infamie.

D' Amb. What insensate stocke,
Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion,
Durst take into his Epimethean breast
A box of such plagues as the danger yeeldes,
Incurd in this discouerie ? He had better
Ventur'd his breast in the consuming reach
Of the hot surfets cast out of the cloudes,
Or stoode the bullets that (to wreake the skie)

The Cyclops ramme in Ioues artillerie.

Com. Wee soone will take the darkenesse from his face
That did that deede of darkenesse ; wee will know
What now the Monsieur and your husband doe ;
What is contain'd within the secret paper
Offerd by Monsieur, and your loues euents :
To which ends (honour'd daughter) at your motion,
I haue put on these exorcising Rites,
And, by my power of learned holinesse
Vouchsafte me from aboue, I will command
Our resolution of a raised spirit.

Tamy. Good father raise him in some beauteous forme,
That with least terror I may brooke his sight.

Com. Stand sure together then, what ere ye see,
And stirre not, as ye tender all our liues.

Occidentalium legionum spirituum imperator (magnus ille Behemoth) veni, veni, comitatus cum Asaroth locotenente inuito. Adiuro te per stygis inscrutabilia arcana, per ipsos irre-
meabiles anfractus auerni : adesto ô Behemoth, tu cui peruia
sunt Magnatum scrinia ; veni, per Noctis & tenebrarum ab-
dita profundissima ; per labentia sydera ; per ipsos motus ho-
rarum furtiuos, Hecatesq; altum silentium : Appare in forma
spiritali, lucente splendida & amabili. *Ascendit.*

Thunder.

Beh. What would the holy Frier?

Com. I would see

What now the Monsieur and Mounsurrie doe ;
And see the secret paper that the Monsieur
Offer'd to Count Montsurry, longing much
To know on what euents the secret loues
Of these two honor'd persons shall arriue.

Beh. Why calledst thou me to this accursed light ?
To these light purposes ? I am Emperor
Of that inscrutable darkenesse, where are hid
All deepest truths, and secrets neuer seene,
All which I know, and command Legions
Of knowing spirits that can doe more than these.
Any of this my guard that circle mee
In these blew fires, and out of whose dim fumes

Vast

Vast murmurs vse to breake, and from their soundes
Articulat voices ; can doe ten parts more
Than open such sleight truths, as you require.

Com. From the last nights black depth, I cald vp one
Of the inferior ablest ministers,
And he could not resolue mee ; send one then
Out of thine owne command, to fetch the paper
That Monsieur hath to shew to Count Montsury.

Beh. I will : Cartophylax : thou that properly
Hast in thy power all papers so inscribde :
Glide through all barres to it and fetch that paper.

Car. I will.

a torch remoues ;

Com. Till he returnes (great prince of darknesse)
Tell me, if Monsieur and the Count Montsury
Are yet encounterd.

Beh. Both them and the Guise
Are now together.

Com. Shew vs all their persons,
And represent the place, with all their actions.

Beh. The spirit will strait returne : and then Ile shew thee :
See he is come ; why broughtst thou not the paper ?

Cart. He hath preuented me, and got a spirit
Raif'd by another, great in our command
To take the guard of it before I came.

Beh. This is your slacknesse, not t'nuoke our powers
When first your acts, set forth to their effects ;
Yet shall you see it, and themselues : behold
They come heere & the Earle now holds the paper. *Ent. Mons.*

Bu. May we not heare them?

Gui. Mont :

Mons. No, be still and sec.

Bu. I will go fetch the paper.

Com. Do not stir :

Ther's too much distance and too many lockes
Twixt you & them : (how neere so e're they seeme)
For any man to interrupt their secrets.

Tam. O honored spirit : flie into the fancie
Of my offended Lord : and do not let him
Belceue what there the wicked man hath written.

Pre. Perswasion hath already enterd him
Beyond reflection; peace till their departure.

Mons. There is a glasse of inke wherein you see
How to make ready black fac't Tragedy :
You now discern, I hope through all her paintings
Her gasping wrinkles, and fames sepulchres.

Gui. Thinke you he faines my Lord? what hold you now?
Doe we maligne your wife: or honour you?

Mons. What stricken dumbe? nay fie, Lord be not danted:
Your case is common: were it ne're so rare
Beare it as rarely: now to laugh were manly:
A woorthy man should imitate the weather
That sings in tempests: and being cleere is silent.

Gui. Goe home my Lord, and force your wife to write
Such louing stuffe to D'Ambois as she vsde
When she desir'd his presence.

Mons. Doe my Lord,
And make her name her conceald messenger:
That close and most inennerable Pander
That passeth all our studies to exquire:
By whom conuay the letter to her loue:
And so you shall be sure to haue him come
Within the thirsty reach of your reuenge;
Before which, lodge an ambush in her chamber
Behind the arras of your stoutest men
All close and soundly armd: and let them share
A spirit amongst them, that would serue a thousand.

Gui. Yet stay a little: see she sends for you.

Mons. Poore, louing lady, she'll make all good yet,
Thinke you not so my Lord?

Gui. Ahlas poore soule.

Mons. This was ill done y'faith.

Exit Mont.

Per. T'was nobly done.

And I forgiue his Lordship from my soule.

Mons. Then much good doo't thee Pero: hast a letter?

Per. I hope it be, at least, if not a volume
Of worthy curses for your periury.

Mons. Now out vpon her.

Gui.

Gui. Let me see my Lord.

Mons. You shall presently : how fares my Pero ?
Whose there ? take in this maid sh'as caught a clap :
And fetch my surgeon to her ; come my Lord,
We'l now peruse our letter. *Exeunt Mons. Guise.*

Per. Furies rise

Lead her out.

Out of the blacke lines, and torment his soule.

Tam. Hath my Lord slaine my woman ?

Beh. No, she liues.

Com. What shall become of vs ?

Beh. All I can say

Being cald thus late, is briefe, and darkly this :
If D'Ambois mistresse, stay not her white hand
With his forst bloud he shall remaine vntoucht :
So father, shall your selfe, but by your selfe :
To make this Augurie plainer : when the voice
Of D'Ambois shall inuoke me I will rise,
Shining in greater light : and shew him all
That will betide ye all ; meane time be wise,
And let him curb his rage, with policy. *Descendit cum suis.*

Buc. Will he appeare to me, when I inuoke him ?

Com. He will : be sure.

Buc. It must be shortly then :

For his darke words haue tied my thoughts on knots
Till he dissolue, and free them.

Tam. In meane time

Deare seruant, till your powerfull voice reuoke him,
Be sure to vse the policy he aduis'd :
Lest fury in your too quicke knowledge taken
Of our abuse, and your defence of me
Accuse me more than any enemy :
And Father, you must on my Lord impose
Your holiest charges, and the churches power
To temper his hot spirit : and disperse
The cruelty and the bloud, I know his hand
Will showre vpon our heads, if you put not
Your finger to the storme, and hold it vp,
As my deare seruant heere must do with Monsieur.

Bu.

Buf. Ile sooth his plots : and strow my hate with smiles
 Till all at once the close mines of my heart
 Rise at full date, and rush into his bloud :
 Ile bind his arme in filke, and rub his flesh,
 To make the vaine swell, that his soule may gush
 Into some kennell, where it longs to lie,
 And policy shalbe flanckt with policy.
 Yet shall the feeling center where wee meet
 Grone with the wait of my approaching feet :
 Ile make th'inspired threshals of his Court
 Sweat with the weather of my horrid steps
 Before I enter : yet will I appeare
 Like calme security, before a ruine ;
 A politician, must like lightening melt
 The very marrow, and not Print the skin :
 His waies must not be seene : the superficies
 Of the greene center must not taste his feet :
 When hell is plowd vp with his wounding tracts :
 And all his haruest reap't, from hellish facts.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

*Montsurry bare, vnbrac't, pulling Tamyra in, Comolet, One
 bearing light, a standish and paper, which sets a Table.*

Com. **M**Y Lord remember that your soule must seeke
 Her peace, as well as your reuengefull bloud :
 You euer, to this houre haue prou'd your selfe
 A noble, zealous, and obedient sonne,
 T'our holy mother : be not an apostate :
 Your wiues offence serues not, (were it the woorst
 You can imagine, without greater proofes)
 To seuer your eternall bonds, and harts ;
 Much lesse to touch her with a bloody hand :
 Nor is it manly (much lesse husbandly)
 To expiate any frailty in your wife,
 With churlish strokes, or beastly ods of strength :
 The stony birth of clouds, will touch no lawrell :

Nor

Nor any sleeper ; your wife is your lawrell :
And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then
Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapor,
To her that is more gentle than it rude ;
In whom kind nature sufferd one offence
But to set of, her other excellence.

Mont. Good father leaue vs : interrupt no more
The course I must run for mine honour sake.
Relie on my loue to her, which her fault
Cannot extinguish ; will she but disclose
Who was the hatefull minister of her loue,
And through what maze he seru'd it, we are friends.

Com. It is a damn'd worke to pursue those secrets,
That would ope more sinne, and prooue springs of slaughter ;
Nor is't a path for Christian feete to touch ;
But out of all way to the health of soules,
A sinne impossible to be forgiuen :
Which he that dares commit ;

Mont. Good father cease :
Tempt not a man distracted ; I am apt
To outrages that I shall euer rue :
I will not passe the verge that boundes a Christian,
Nor breake the limits of a man nor husband.

Com. Then God inspire ye both with thoughts and deedes
Worthie his high respect, and your owne soules. *Exit Com.*

Mont. Who shall remooue the mountaine from my heart,
Ope the seuentimes-heat furnace of my thoughts,
And set fit outcries for a soule in hell ? *Mont. turnes a key.*

O now it nothing fits my cares to speake,
But thunder, or to take into my throat
The trumpe of Heauen ; with whose determinate blasts
The windes shall burst, and the enraged seas
Be drunke vp in his soundes ; that my hot woes
(Vented enough) I might conuert to vapour,
Ascending from my infamie vnscene ;
Shorten the world, preuenting the last breath
That kils the liuing, and regenerates death.

Tam. My Lord, my fault (as you may censure it

H

With

With too strong arguments) is past your pardon :
 But how the circumstances may excuse mee
 God knowes, and your more temperate minde heereafter
 May let my penitent miseries make you know.

Mont. Heereafter? Tis a suppos'd infinite,
 That from this point will rise eternally :
 Fame growes in going; in the scapes of vertue
 Excuses damne her : They be fires in Cities
 Enrag'd with those windes that lesse lights extinguish.
 Come Syren, sing, and dash against my rockes
 Thy ruffin Gallie, laden for thy lust :
 Sing, and put all the nets into thy voice,
 With which thou drew'st into thy strumpets lappe
 The spawne of Venus; and in which ye danc'd;
 That, in thy laps steede, I may digge his toombe,
 And quit his manhoode with a womans sleight,
 Who neuer is deceiu'd in her deceit.

Sing, (that is, write) and then take from mine eies
 The mists that hide the most inscrutable Pandar
 That euer lapt vp an adulterous vomit :
 That I may see the diuell, and suruiue
 To be a diuell, and then learne to wiue :
 That I may hang him, and then cut him downe,
 Then cut him vp, and with my soules beams search
 The cranks and cauernes of his braine, and studie
 The errant wildernesse of a womans face;
 Where men cannot get out, for all the Comets
 That haue beene lighted at it; though they know
 That Adders lie a sunning in their smiles,
 That Basilisks drinke their poison from their eies,
 And no way there to coast out to their hearts;
 Yet still they wander there, and are not stai'd
 Till they be fetter'd, nor secure before
 All cares distract them; nor in humane state
 Till they embrace within their wiues two breasts
 All Pelion and Cythæron with their beasts.
 Why write you not?

Tam. O good my Lord forbear.

In wreake of great sins, to engender greater,
And make my loues corruption generate murther.

Mont. It followes needefully as childe and parent;
The chaine-shot of thy lust is yet aloft,
And it must murther; tis thine owne deare twinne :
No man can adde height to a womans sinne.
Vice neuer doth her iust hate so prouoke,
As when she rageth vnder vertues cloake.
Write : For it must be ; by this ruthlesse steele,
By this impartiall torture, and the death
Thy tyrannies haue inuented in my entrailes,
To quicken life in dying, and hold vp
The spirits in fainting, teaching to preserue
Torments in ashes, that will euer last.
Speake : Will you write ?

Tam. Sweete Lord enioine my sinne
Some other penance than what makes it worse:
Hide in some gloomie dungeon my loth'd face,
And let condemned murtherers let me downe
(Stopping their noses) my abhorred foode.
Hang me in chaines, and let me eat these armes
That haue offended : Binde me face to face
To some dead woman, taken from the Cart
Of Execution, till death and time
In graines of dust dissolue me ; Ile endure :
Or any torture that your wraths inuention
Can fright all pittie from the world withall :
But to betray a friend with shew of friendship,
That is too common, for the rare reuenge
Your rage affecteth; heere then are my breasts,
Last night your pillowes ; heere my wretched armes,
As late the wished confines of your life :
Now breake them as you please, and all the boundes
Of manhoode, noblesse, and religion.

Mont. Where all these haue beene broken, they are kept,
In doing their iustice there : Thine armes haue lost
Their priuiledge in lust, and in their torture
Thus they must pay it.

Tam. O Lord.

Mont. Till thou writ'st
Ile write in wounds (my wrongs fit characters)
Thy right of sufferance. Write.

Tam. O kill me, kill me :
Deare husband be not crueller than death ;
You haue beheld some Gorgon : Feele, ô feele
How you are turn'd to stone ; with my heart blood
Dissolue your selfe againe, or you will grow
Into the image of all Tyrannie.

Mont. As thou art of adulterie, I will still
Prooue thee my like in ill, being most a monster :
Thus I expresse thee yet.

Tam. And yet I liue.

Mont. I, for thy monstrous idoll is not done yet :
This tooke hath wrought enough : now Torture vse
This other engine on th habituate powers
Of her thrice damn'd and whorish fortitude.
Vse the most madding paines in her that euer
Thy venoms sok'd through, making most of death ;
That she may weigh her wrongs with them, and then
Stand vengeance on thy steepest rocke, a victor.

Tamy. O who is turn'd into my Lord and husband ?
Husband ? My Lord ? None but my Lord and husband.
Heauen, I aske thee remission of my finnes,
Not of my paines : husband, ô helpe me husband.

*Ascendit
Complet.*

Com. What rape of honour and religion ?
O wracke of nature.

Tam. Poore man : ô my father,
Father ? looke vp ; ô let me downe my Lord,
And I will write.

Mont. Author of prodigies !
What new flame breakes out of the firmament,
That turnes vp counsels neuer knowne before ?
Now is it true, earth mooues, and heauen stands still ;
Euen Heauen it selfe must see and suffer ill :
The too huge bias of the world hath swai'd
Her backe-part vpwards, and with that she braues

This

This Hemisphere, that long her mouth hath mockt :
The grauitie of her religious face :

(Now growne too waighly with her sacriledge
And here discern'd sophisticate enough)

Turnes to th' Antipodes : and all the formes

That her illusions haue imprest in her,

Haue eaten through her backe : and now all see,

How she is riueted with hypocrisie :

Was this the way ? was he the meane betwixt you ?

Tam. He was, he was, kind innocent man he was.

Mont. Write, write a word or two.

Tamy. I will, I will.

Ile write, but in my blood that he may see,

These lines come from my wounds and not from me.

Mont. Well might he die for thought : me thinkes the frame

And shaken ioints of the whole world should crack

To see her parts so disproportionate ;

And that his generall beauty cannot stand

Without these staines in the particular man.

Why wander I so farre ? heere heere was she

That was a whole world without spot to me :

Though now a world of spots ; oh what a lightning

Is mans delight in women ? what a bubble,

He builds his state, fame, life on, when he marries ?

Since all earths pleasures are so short and small,

The way t' nioy it, is t' abiure it all :

Enough : I must be messenger my selfe,

Disguis'd like this strange creature : in, Ile after,

To see what guilty light giues this caue eies,

And to the world sing new impieties.

D'Ambois with two Pages.

D' Amb. Sit vp to night, and watch, Ile speake with none
But the old frier, who bring to me.

Pa. We will Sir. *Exit.*

D' Amb. What violent heat is this ? me thinks the fire
Oft twenty liues doth on a sudden flash
Through all my faculties : the aire goes high

In this close chamber, and the frighted earth!
Trembles, and shrinkes beneath me: the whole house
Crackes with his shaken burthen; blesse me, heaven.

Enter Vmb. Comol.

Vmb. Note what I want, my sonne, and be forewarnd:
O there are bloody deeds past and to come,
I cannot stay: a fate doth rauish me:
He meet thee in the chamber of thy loue. *Exit.*

D' Amb. What dismall change is heere? the good old Frier
Is murderd; being made knowne to serue my loue;
Note what he wants? he wants his vtmost weed,
He wants his life, and body: which of these
Should be the want he meanes, and may supplie me
With any fit forewarning? this strange vision,
(Together with the darke prediction
Vf'd by the Prince of darknesse that was raisd
By this embodied shadowe) stir my thoughts
With reminiscion of the Spirits promise;
Who told me, that by any inuocation
I should haue power to raise him; though it wanted
The powerfull words, and decent rites of art;
Neuer had my set braine such need of spirit,
T'instruct and cheere it; now then, I will claime,
Performance of his free and gentle vow,
T'apppeare in greater light; and make more plain,
His rugged oracle: I long to know
How my deare mistresse fares; and be informd
What hand she now holds on the troubled bloud
Of her incensed Lord: me thought the Spirit,
(When he had vtterd his perplext presage)
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clowdes;
His forehead bent, as it would hide his face;
He knockt his chin against his darkned breast,
And strooke a churlish silence through his powrs;
Terror of darknesse: O thou King of flames,
That with thy Musique-footed horse dost strike
The cleere light out of chrystall, on darke earth;

And

And hurlst instructiue fire about the world :
Wake, wake, the drowfie and enchanted night ;
That sleepes with dead eies in this heauy riddle :
Or thou great Prince of shades where neuer sunne
Sticke his far-darted beames : whose eies are made,
To see in darknesse : and see euer best
Where sense is blindest : open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle : that for feare,
Of some ill it includes, would faine lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Surgit Spiritus cum suis:

Sp. Thus to obserue my vow of apparition,
In greater light : and explicate thy fate :
I come ; and tell thee that if thou obey
The summons that thy mistresse next wil send thee,
Her hand shalbe thy death.

D' Amb. When will she send ?

Sp. Soone as I set againe, where late I rose.

D' Amb. Is the old Frier slaine ?

Sp. No, and yet liues not.

D' Amb. Died he a naturall death ?

Sp. He did.

D' Amb. Who then,
Will my deare mistresse send ?

Sp. I must not tell thee.

D' Amb. Who lets thee ?

Sp. Fate.

D' Am. Who are fates ministers ?

Sp. The Guise and Monsieur.

D' Amb. A fit paire of sheeres
To cut the threds of kings, and kingly spirits,
And consorts fit to sound forth harmony,
Set to the fals of kingdomes : shall the hand
Of my kinde Mistresse kill me ?

Sp. If thou yeeld,
To her next summons, y'are faire warnd : farewell.

D' Amb. I must fare well, how euer : though I die

Exit.

My

My death consenting with his augurie;
 Should not my powers obey, when she commands
 My motion must be rebell to my will:
 My will: to life, If when I haue obaid,
 Her hand should so reward me: they must arme it,
 Binde me and force it: or I lay my soule
 She rather would conuert it, many times
 On her owne bosome: euen to many deaths:
 But were there danger of such violence,
 I know tis far from her intent to send:
 And who she should send, is as far from thought
 Since he is dead, whose only meane she vsde.
 Whose there? looke to the dore: and let him in,
 Though politicke Monsieur, or the violent Guise.

Enter Montsurr y like the Frier.

Mont. Haile to my worthy sonne.

D' Amb. O lying Spirit: welcome loued father
 How fares my dearest mistresse?

Mont. Well, as euer
 Being well as euer thought on by her Lord:
 Whereof she sends this witnesse in her hand
 And praies, for vrgent cause, your speediest presence.

D' Amb. What? writ in bloud?

Mont. I, tis the inke of louers.

D' Amb. O tis a sacred witnesse of her loue.
 So much elixer of her bloud as this
 Dropt in the lightest dame, would make her firme
 As heat to fire: and like to all the signes,
 Commands the life confinde in all my vaines;
 O how it multiplies my bloud with spirit,
 And makes me apt t' encounter death and hell:
 But, come kinde Father; you fetch me to heauen,
 And to that end your holy weed was giuen. *Exit.*

Enter Monsieur, Guise above.

Mons. Now shall we see, that nature hath no end,
 In her great workes, responsiue to their worths,

That

That she who makes so many eies, and sowles,
To see and foresee, is starke blinde herselfe :
And as illiterate men say Latine praiers
By roote of heart, and daily iteration ;
In whose hot zeale, a man would thinke they knew
What they ranne so away with, and were sure
To haue rewards proportion'd to their labours ;
Yet may implore their owne confusions
For any thing they know, which oftentimes
It fals out they incurre : So nature laies
A masse of stuffe together, and by vse,
Or by the meere necessitie of matter,
Ends such a worke, fils it, or leaues it emptie,
Of strength, or vertue, error or cleere truth ;
Not knowing what she does ; but vsually
Giues that which wee call merit to a man,
And belecue should arriue him on huge riches,
Honour, and happinesse, that effects his ruine ;
Right as in ships of warre, whole lasts of powder
Are laid (men thinke) to make them last, and gard them ;
When a disorder'd sparke that powder taking,
Blowes vp with suddén violence and horror
Ships that kept emptie, had sail'd long with terror.

Gai. He that obserues, but like a worldly man,
That which doth oft succcede, and by th'euent
Values the worth of things ; will thinke it true,
That nature workes at randome iust with you :
But with as much decorum she may make
A thing that from the fecte vp to the throat
Hath all the wondrous fabrike man should haue,
And leaue it headlesse for an absolute man,
As giue a whole man valour, vertue, learning,
Without an end more excellent than those,
On whom she no such worthie part bestowes.

Mons. Why you shall see it here, here will be one
Yoong, learned, valiant, vertuous, and full mand ;
One on whom Nature spent so rich a hand,
That, with an ominous eie, she wept to see

So much consum'd her vertuous treasure;
 Yet, as the windes sing through a hollow tree,
 And (since it lets them passe through) let it stand
 But a tree solid, since it giues no way
 To their wilde rages, they rend vp by th' roote:
 So this full creature now shall reele and fall,
 Before the franticke puffs of purblinde chance
 That pipes thorow emptie men, and makes them dance:
 Not so the Sea raues on the Lybian sandes,
 Tumbling her billowes in each others necke:
 Not so the furies of the euxine Sea
 (Neere to the frostie Pole, where free Bootes
 From those darke-deepe waues turns his radiant Teame)
 Swell being enrag'd, euen from their inmost drop,
 As Fortune swings about the restless state
 Of vertue, now throwne into all mens hate.

*Intrat vmbra, Comolet to the Countesse,
 wrapt in a Canapie.*

Reuiue those stupid thoughts, and sit not thus,
 Gathering the horrors of your seruants slaughter,
 (So vrg'd by your hand, and so imminent)
 Into an idle fancie; but deuise
 How to preuent it; watch when he shall rise,
 And with a sudden outcrie of his murder,
 Blow his retreat before he be engag'd.

Count. O father, haue my dumbe woes wak'd your death?
 When will our humane griefes be at their height?
 Man is a tree, that hath no toppe in cares;
 No roote in comforts; all his power to liue
 Is giuen to no end, but t'haue power to grieue.

Vmb. Tis the iust curse of our abus'd creation,
 Which wee must suffer heere, and scape heereafter:
 He hath the great mind that submits to all,
 He sees ineuitable; he the small
 That carps at earth, and her foundation shaker,
 And rather than himselfe, will mend his maker.

D' Amb.

D'Amb. at the gulf.

Count. Away, (my loue) away, thou wilt be murther'd.

Buss. Murther'd? I know not what that Hebrew meanes:
That word had ne're beene nam'd had all beene D'Ambois.
Murther'd? By heauen he is my murtherer
That shewes me not a murtherer; what such bugge
Abhorreth not the very sleepe of D'Ambois?
Murther'd? Who dares giue all the roome I see
To D'Ambois reach? or looke with any oddes
His fight ith' face, vpon whose hand sits death;
Whose sword hath wings, and euerie feather pierceth?
Let in my politique visitants, let them in,
Though entring like so many mouing amours,
Fate is more strong than arms, and slie than treason,
And I at all parts buckl'd in my Fate:
Dare they not come?

Tam. They come.

1. Come all at once.

Vmb. Backe coward murtherers, backe.

Omn. Defend vs heauen. *Exeunt.*

1. Come ye not on?

Buss. No, slaue, nor goest thou off.
Stand you so firme? Will it not enter heere?
You haue a face yet: so in thy lifes flame
I burne the first rites to my mistresse fame.

Vmb. Breath thee braue sonne against the other charge.

Buss. O is it true then that my sence first told mee?
Is my kinde father dead?

Tam. He is my loue.

Twas the Earle my husband in his weede that brought thee.

Buss. That was a speeding sleight, and well resembled.
Where is that angrie Earle my Lord? Come forth
And shew your owne face in your owne affaire;
Take not into your noble veines the blood
Of these base villans, nor the light reports
Of blister'd tongues, for cleere and weightie truth:
But me against the world, in pure defence

Of your rare Ladie, to whose spotlesse name
 I stand heere as a bulwarke, and proiect
 A life to her renowne, that euer yet
 Hath beene vntainted euen in enuies eie,
 And where it would protect a sanctuarie.
 Braue Earle come forth, and keepe your scandall in:
 Tis not our fault if you enforce the spot,
 Nor the wreake yours if you performe it not.

Enter Mont with others.

Mont. Cowards, a fiend or spirit beat ye off?
 They are your owne faint spirits that haue forg'd
 The fearefull shadowes that your eies deluded:
 The fiend was in you; cast him out then thus.

Tam. Fauour (my Lord) my loue, ô fauour him.

Buss. I will not touch him: Take your life, my Lord,
 And be appeas'd: O then the coward fates
 Haue maim'd themselves, and euer lost their honour.

Ymb. What haue ye done slaues? irreligious Lord?

Buss. Forbeare them, father; tis enough for me
 That Guise and Monsieur, death and destinie
 Come behinde D'Ambois: is my bodie then
 But penetrable flesh? And must my minde
 Follow my blood? Can my diuine part adde
 No aide to th'earthly in extremitie?
 Then these diuines are but for forme, not fact:
 Man is of two sweet Courtly friends compact;
 A mistresse and a seruant: let my death
 Define life nothing but a Courtiers breath.
 Nothing is made of nought, of all things made,
 Their abstract being a dreame but of a shade.
 Ile not complaine to earth yet, but to heauen,
 And (like a man) looke vpwards euen in death.
 Proppe me, true sword, as thou hast euer done:
 The equall thought I beare of life and death,
 Shall make me faint on no side; I am vp
 Heere like a Roman Statue; I will stand
 Till death hath made me marble: ô my fame

Liue.

Liue in despight of murther; take thy wings
And haste thee where the gray-eyd morne perfines,
Her Rosie chariot with Sabæan spices,
Flie, where the euening from th' Iberian vales,
Takes on her swarthy shoulders, Heccate
Cround with a groue of oakes: flie where men feele
The burning axeltree: and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the Snowy Beare:
And tell them all that D'Ambois now is halting
To the eternall dwellers; that a thunder
Of all their sighes together (for their frailties
Beheld in me) may quit my worthlesse fall
With a fit volley for my funerall.

Vmb. Forgiue thy murtherers.

Buss. I forgiue them all;
And you my Lord, their fautor; for true signe
Of which vnfauld remission, take my sword;
Take it, and only giue it motion,
And it shall finde the way to victorie
By his owne brightnesse, and th' inherent valour
My fight hath still'd into't, with charmes of spirit.

Buss. And let me pray you, that my weighty bloud
Laid in one skale of your impertiall splene
May sway the forfeit of my worthy loue
Waide in the other: and be reconcilde
With all forgiuenesse to your matchlesse wife.

Tam. Forgiue thou me deare seruant, and this hand
That lead thy life to this vnworthy end,
Forgiue it, for the bloud with which tis staine
In which I writ the summons of thy death:
The forced summons, by this bleeding wound,
By this heere in my bosome: and by this
That makes me hold vp both my hands embrewd
For thy deare pardon.

Buss. O, my heart is broken
Fate, nor these murtherers, Monsieur, nor the Guise.
Haue any glorie in my death, but this:
This killing spectacle: this prodigie:

My sunne is turnd to blood gainst whose red beams
 Pindus and Ossa (hid in endlesse snow
 Laid on my heart and liuer; from their vains)
 Melt like two hungrie torrents: eating rockes
 Into the Ocean of all humane life,
 And make it bitter, only with my bloud:
 O fraile condition of strength, valure; vertue,
 In me (like warning fire vpon the top
 Of some steepe Beakon, on a steeper hill)
 Made to expresse it: like a falling starre
 Silently glanc't, that like a thunderbolt,
 Lookt to haue stucke and shooke the firmament.

Vmb. Son of the earth, whom my vnrested soule,
 Ruest'haue begotten in the faith of heauen;
 (Since thy reuengefull Spirit hath reiected
 The charitie it commands, and the remission
 To serue and worship, the blindrage of bloud)
 Assay to gratulate and pacifie,
 The soule fled from this worthy by performing
 The Christian reconcilment he besought
 Betwixt thee and thy Lady, let her wounds
 Manlesly digd in her, be easd and cur'd
 With balme of thine owne teares: or be assur'd
 Neuer to rest free from my haunt and horror.

Mont. See how she merits this: still sitting by
 And mourning his fall, more than her owne fault.

Vmb. Remoue, deare daughter, and content thy husband:
 So piety wils thee, and thy seruants peace.

Tamy. O wretched piety, that art so distract
 In thine owne constancy; and in thy right
 Must be vnrighteous: if I right my friend
 I wrong my husband: if his wrong I shunne,
 The duty of my friend I leaue vndone;
 Ill plays on both sides; heere and there, it riseth;
 No place: no good so good, but ill compriseth;
 My soule more scruple breeds, than my bloud, sinne,
 Vertue imposeth more than any stepdame:
 O had I neuer married but for forme,

Neuer vowd faith but purposed to deceiue :
 Neuer made conscience of any sinne,
 But clok't it priuately and made it common :
 Nor neuer honord beene, in blood, or mind,
 Happy had I beene then, as others are
 Of the like licence; I had then beene honord :
 Liu'd without enuy : custome had benumbd
 All sense of scruple, and all note of frailty :
 My fame had beene vntoucht, my heart vnbroken :
 But (shunning all) I strike on all offence,
 O husband ? deare friend ? O my conscience ?

Mont. I must not yeeld to pity nor to loue
 So seruile and so traiterous : cease my bloud
 To wraastle with my honour, fame and iudgement :
 Away, forsake my house, forbear complaints
 Where thou hast bred them : heere all things full,
 Of their owne shame and sorrow, leaue my house.

Tam. Sweet Lord forgiue me, and I will be gone,
 And till these wounds, that neuer balme shall close
 Till death hath enterd at them (so I loue them
 Being opened by your hands) by death be cur'd
 I neuer more will grieue you with my sight :
 Neuer endure that any rooffe shall part
 Mine eies and heauen : but to the open deserts
 (Like to hunted Tygres) I will flie :
 Eating my heart, shunning the steps of men,
 And looke on no side till I be arriu'd.

Mont. I do forgiue thee, and vpon my knees
 With hands (held vp to heauen) with that mine honor
 Would suffer reconcilment to my loue :
 But since it will not, honor, neuer serue
 My Loue with flourishing obiekt till it sterue :
 And as this Taper, though it vpwards looke,
 Downwards must needs consume, so let our loue ;
 As hauing lost his hony, the sweet taste
 Runs into fauor, and will needs retaine
 A spice of his first parents, till (like life)
 It sees and dies ; so let our loue : and lastly,

As

As when the flame is sufferd to looke vp
 It keepes his luster : but, being thus turnd downe
 (His naturall course of vsefull light inuerted)
 His owne stuffe puts it out : so let our loue,
 Now turne from me, as heere I turne from thee,
 And may both points of heauens strait axeltree
 Conioine in one, before thy selfe and me.

Vmb. My terrors are strook inward, and no more
 My pennance will allow they shall enforce
 Earthly afflictions but vpon my selfe :
 Farewell braue reliets of a compleat man :
 Looke vp and see thy spirit made a star,
 Ioine flames with Hercules : and when thou setst
 Thy radiant forehead in the firmament,
 Make the vast continent, cracke with thy receit,
 Spred to a world of fire : and th'aged skie,
 Chere with new sparkes of old humanity.

Finis Actus Quinti & ultimi.

